

PART 489

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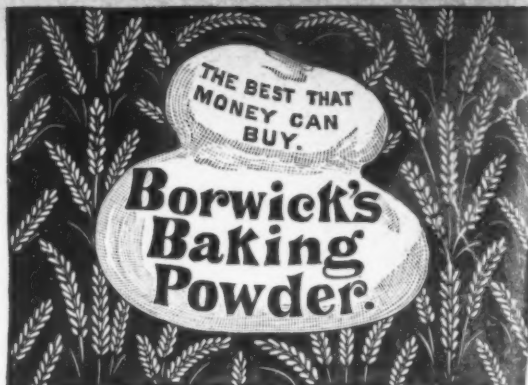
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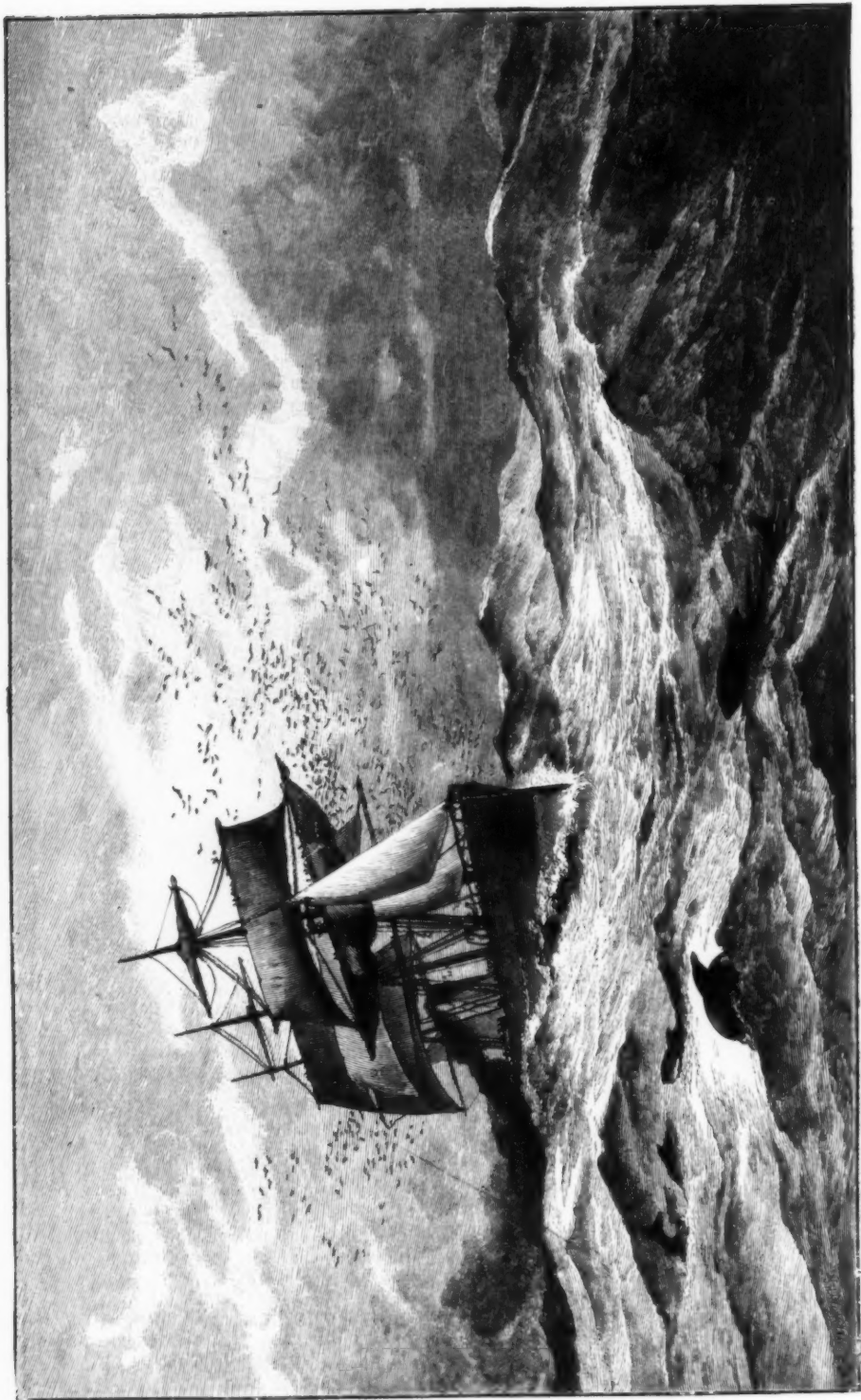
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By W. H. Barrow.

SIGHTS AT SEA.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS.

BY L. DOUGALL, AUTHOR OF "DEGGARS ALL."



ALEC LIFTED THE HEAD OF THE WOUNDED MAN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE is nothing of which men take less heed than the infection of emotion, a thing as real as that mysterious influence which in some diseases leaps forth from one to another till all are in the same pain. With the exception, perhaps, of the infection of fear, which societies have learnt to dread by tragic experience, man still fondly supposes that his emotions are his own, that they must rise and fall within himself, and does not know that they can be taken in full tide from another, and imparted again without decrease of force. May God send a healthful spirit to us all ! for, good or evil, we are part of one another.

There were a good many people who went up the mountain that night to find the enthusiasts, each

with some purpose of interference and criticism. They went secure in their own sentiments, but with minds tickled into the belief that they were to see and hear some strange thing. They saw and heard not much, yet they did not remain wholly their own masters. Perhaps the idea that Cameron's assembly would be well worth seeing was gleaned partly from the lingering storm, for an approaching storm breeds in the mind the expectation of exciting culmination ; but long before the different seekers had found the meeting place, which was only known to the loyal-hearted, the storm, having spent itself elsewhere, had passed away.

There was an open space upon a high slope of the hill. Trees stood above it, below, around—high, black masses of trees. It was here old

Cameron's company had gathered together. No woodland spot, in dark, damp night, ever looked more wholly natural and of earth than this. Sophia Rexford and Alec Trenholme, after long wandering, came to the edge of this opening, and stopped the sound of their own movements that they might look and listen. They saw the small crowd assembled some way off, but could not recognise the figures or count them. Listening intently, they heard the swaying of a myriad leaves, the drip of their moisture, the trickle of rivulets that the rain had started again in troughs of summer drought, and, amidst all these, the old man's voice in accents of prayer.

Even in her feverish eagerness to seek Winifred, which had sustained her so long, Sophia chose now to skirt the edge of the wood rather than cross the open. As they went through long grass and bracken, here and there a fallen log impeded their steps. A frog, disturbed, leaped before them in the grass; they knew what it was by the sound of its falls. Soon, in spite of the rustle of their walking, they began to hear the old man's words.

It seemed that he was repeating such passages of Scripture as describe the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. Whether these were strung together in a prayer, or whether he merely gave them forth to the night air as the poetry on which he fed his soul, they could not tell. The night was much lighter now than when the storm hung over. They saw Cameron standing on a knoll apart from his company, his face upturned to the cloudy sky. Beyond him, over the lower ranks of trees, the thundercloud they had feared was still visible, showing its dark volume in the southern sky by the frequent fiery shudderings which flashed through its length and depth; but it had swept away so far that no sound of its thunder touched their air; and the old man looked, not at it, but at the calm, cloud-wrapped sky above.

"The Son of Man is coming in the clouds of heaven with power, and great glory."

The words fell upon the silence that was made up of the subdued sounds of nature; it seemed to breathe again with them; while their minds had time to be taken captive by the imagery. Then he cried:

"He shall send His angels with a trumpet, and a great voice, and they shall gather the elect upon the four winds. Two shall be in the fields; one shall be taken, and the other left." He suddenly broke off the recitation with a heart-piercing cry. "My Lord and my God! Let none of Thy children here be left. Let none of those loved ones, for whom they have come here to entreat Thee, be among those who are left. Let it suffice Thee, Lord, that these have come to meet Thee on Thy way, to ask Thee that not one of their beloved may be passed over now, when thou comest—*Now!*"

The last word was insistent. And then he passed once more into the prayer that had been the burden of his heart and voice on the night that Alec had first met him. That seemed to be the one thought of his poor crazed brain—"Come, Lord Jesus!"

The little band were standing nearer the trees on the upper side of the open. They seemed to be

praying. Sophia came to the end of the straggling line they formed, and there halted, doubtful. She did not advance to claim her sister; she was content to single out her childish figure as one of a nearer group. She tarried, as a worshipper who, entering church at prayer-time, waits before walking forward. Alec stood beside his unknown lady, whose servitor he felt himself to be, and looked about him with no common interest. About thirty people were clad in white; there were a few others in ordinary clothes; but it was impossible to tell just how many of these latter were there, or with what intent they had come. A young man in dark clothes, who stood near the last comers, peered at them very curiously. Alec saw another man sitting under a tree, and gained the impression, from his attitude, that he was suffering or perplexed. It was all paltry and pitiful outwardly, and yet, as he looked about, observing this, what he saw had no hold on his mind, which was constantly occupied with Cameron's words; and under their influence, the scene, and the meaning of the scene, changed as his mood changed in sympathy.

A hymn began to rise. One woman's voice first breathed it; other voices mingled with hers till they were all singing. It was a simple, swaying melody in glad cadence. The tree boughs rocked with it on the lessening wind of the summer night, till, with the cumulative force of rising feeling, it seemed to expand and soar, like incense from a swinging censer, and, high and sweet, to pass at length through the cloudy walls of the world. The music, the words, of this song had no more of art in them than the rhythmic cry of waves that ring on some long beach, or the regular pulsations of the blood that throbs audibly, telling our sudden joys. Yet, natural as it was, it was far more than any other voice of nature; for in it was the human soul, that can join itself to other souls in the search for God; and so complete was the lack of form in the yearning, that this soul came forth, as it were, unclothed, the more touching because in naked beauty.

"Soon you will see your Saviour coming,
In the air."

So they sang. This, and every line, was repeated manytimes. It was only by repetition that the words, with their continuity of meaning, grew in ignorant ears.

"All the thoughts of your inmost spirit
Will be laid bare,
If you love him, he will make you
White and fair."

Then the idea of the first line was taken up again, and then again, with renewed hope and exultation in the strain.

"Hark! you may hear your Saviour coming."

It was a well-known Adventist hymn which had often roused the hearts of thousands when rung out to the air in the camp meetings of the Northern States; but to those who heard it first to-night it came as the revelation of a new reality. As the unveiling of some solid marble figure would transform the thought of one who had taken it, when

swathed, for a ghost or phantom, so did the heart's desire of these singers stand out now with such intensity as to give it objective existence to those who heard their song.

Into the cloud-walled heaven they all looked. It is in such moments that a man knows himself.

Old Cameron, lifting up his strong voice again, was bewailing the sin of the world. "We sinners have not loved Thee, O Lord. We have not trusted Thy love. We have not been zealous for Thy glory. This—this is our sin. All else Thou wouldst have mended in us; but this—this is our sin. Have mercy! Have mercy! Have mercy!" Long confession came from him slowly, bit by bit, as if sent forth, in involuntary cries, from a heart rent by the disappointment of waiting. In strong voice, clear and true, he made himself one with the vilest in this pleading, and all the vices with which the soul of man has degraded itself were again summed up by him in this—"We have not loved Thee. We have not trusted Thy love. We are proud and vain; we have loved ourselves, not Thee."

How common the night was—just like any other night! The clouds, as one looked at them, were seen to swing low, showing lighter and darker spaces. How very short a time can we endure the tensest mood! It is like a branding iron, which, though it leaves its mark for ever, cannot be borne long. The soul relaxes; the senses reclaim their share of us.

Some men came rather rudely out from under the trees, and loitered near. Perhaps all present, except Cameron, noticed them. Alec did; and felt concerning them, he knew not why, uneasy suspicion. He noticed other things now, although a few minutes before he had been insensible to all about him. He saw that the lady he waited upon had dropped her face into her hands; he saw that her disdainful and independent mood was melted. Strangely enough, his mind wandered back again to her first companion, and he wondered that she had not sent back for him or mourned his absence. He was amazed now at his own assumption that design, not accident, had caused such desertion. He could almost have started, in his solicitude, to seek the missing man, such was the rebound of his mind. Yet to all this he only gave vagrant thoughts, such as we give to our fellows in church. The temple of the night had become a holy place, and his heart was heavy—perhaps for his old friend, standing there with uplifted face, perhaps on account of the words he was uttering, perhaps in contrition. In a few minutes he would go forward, and take the old preacher by the arm, and try, as he had once tried before, to lead him to rest and shelter from so vain an intensity of prayer. But just now he would wait to hear the words he said. He could not but wait, for so dull, so silent, did all things remain, that the earnestness of the expectant band made itself felt as an agony of hope waning to despair.

Absorbed in this, Alec heard what came to him as harsh profane speech; and yet it was not this; it was the really modest address of a young man who felt constrained to speak to him.

"I don't know," he said nervously, "who you

may be, but I just wish to state that I've a sort of notion one of those fellows right down there means mischief to one of these poor ladies in white, who is his wife. I ain't very powerful myself, but, I take it, you're pretty strong, aren't you?"

Alec gave impatient assent; but the men whom he was asked to watch approached no nearer to the little band, but remained behind the preacher.

All this time old Cameron prayed on, and while it might be that hope in his followers was failing, in his voice there was increasing gladness and fervour.

The clouds above shifted a little. To those wrapped in true anticipation their shifting was as the first sign of a descending heaven. Somewhere behind the thick clouds there was a waning moon; and when in the upper region of the sky a rift was made in the deep cloud cover, though she did not shine through, the sky beyond was lit by her light, and the upper edges of cloud were white as snow.

As the well of clear far light was opened to the old man's gaze, his prayer stopped suddenly, and he stood only looking upwards. They did not see so much as know from the manner in which his voice had failed, that for him, at least, there were moments of ecstasy in the assurance of hope.

"Poor fellow!" muttered Alec under his breath, for he felt the poignant disappointment of the awakening.

A sweet sound made some of them turn an instant toward the wood, for a little bird, disturbed in its hiding there, lifted forth a twittering song of joy.

Its notes had not ceased when Alec heard a gasp of terror from the lady near him, and saw, as one sees an act there is no time to avert, that one of the rough fellows who were standing behind the old man had suddenly struck him down by a savage blow upon the head.

Alec Trenholme ran and sprang upon the man who had struck the blow. Some other man, he did not see which, wrested the club from the fellow's hand. In the moments Alec was grappling with him he became conscious that the old man lying near his feet on the grass was more to him than revenge, and, with the caprice of a boy who turns from what interests him less to what interests him more, he contented himself with hurling the assailant from him, so that he fell heavily down the sloping ground to where his companions stood. Then Alec pushed others aside and lifted the head of the wounded man.

Wounded? His hair was wet with warm blood. There was something done—a good deal done, by many people—to restore him. Alec remembered afterwards that the young man who had previously spoken to him had been active, showing a more personal grief than was seen in the awed kindness even of the women. One lives through such scenes with little real perception of their details. He knew at last for certain that he put his burden from him, and throwing himself down laid his ear on the broad, muscular breast. Long as he listened, there was no movement there. The mad old preacher was dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEN Alec Trenholme rose from the dead man's side he felt his shoulders taken hold of by a familiar hand. He knew at once that it was his brother. It was quite what he would have expected, that Robert should be there; it was surely his business to come after straying sheep.

The manslayer, awed and sobered by finding what he had done, had been easily overpowered. Even his comrades helped to bind him. He was a poor creature at best, and was now in the misery that comes with sudden reaction from the exaltation of strong drink.

Alec saw that his brother was limping, that he seemed in actual pain; he was anxious to know how this was, yet he did not say so. He asked rather if Robert thought that the old man had consciously awakened from his trance of expectation, and they both, in spite of all that pressed, stooped, with a lantern some one had lit, to look again at the dead face. Just as he might have looked when the heavens seemed to open above him, so he looked now. They talked together, wondering who he really was, as men find words for what is easiest to say, although not relevant to the moment's necessity.

So absorbing is the interest of death to those who live in peaceful times that, now that there was a lamp, all there required to slake their curiosity by lingering gaze and comment before they would turn away. Even the prisoner, when he saw the lantern flashed near the dead, demanded to be allowed to see how he looked before they led him down the hill. His poor wife, who had expected his violence to fall only on herself, kept by him, hysterically regretting that she had not been the victim.

Yet, although all this had place, it was only a short time before the energy of a few, acting upon the paralysed will of others, had cleared the ground. The white-dressed women crossed the open to the descending path, huddling together as they walked, their eyes perforce upon the rough ground over which they must pick their steps. There was many a rift now in the breaking clouds above them, but only a few turned an upward passionate glance. Sophia moved away in their midst. Seeing her thus surrounded, Alec did not feel that he need approach.

"I don't know who she is," he said, pointing her out to Robert. "I happened, in the strangest way, to come up here with her." He paused a moment. Some sentiment such as that she was a queen among women was in his mind, but it did not rise to his lips. "She would naturally rather have your help than mine," he added. "If you will see that she and her little sister are taken care of, I will stay here"—he gave a gesture toward the corpse—"till a stretcher comes."

"I will do my best to take care of them all," Robert Trenholme answered, with a sigh.

Old McNider and his little boy walked behind the women. Robert, limping as he went, lifted the sleepy child in his arms and joined himself to the company. They went under the dripping trees, down, down the dark, slippery path. The white

robes hardly glimmered in the darkness. Some of the women wept; some of them held religious conversation, using such forms of expression as grow up among certain classes of pious people, and jar terribly on unaccustomed ears. Those who talked at this time had less depth of character than those who were silent, and there was evinced in their conversation a certain pride of resistance to criticism—that is, they wished to show that if what they had looked for had not come that night, their expectation of it had been reasonable, and that their greatest hopes would shortly be realised to the confounding of unbelievers. They did not know the manner of their spirit. Few who indulge in demonstration of piety as a relief to feeling ever perceive how easily the natural passions can flow into this channel.

Jesus wished to try their faith, said they, but they would not cast away their lamps; no, they must keep them trimmed and burning. They could not live unless they felt that dear Jesus might come for them any night.

"Blessed be his Holy name!" cried one. "When He comes the world will see Him whom they have despised, and His saints they have looked down on, too, reignin' together in glory. Yes, glory be to Jesus, there'll be a turnin' of the tables soon."

To Trenholme it seemed that they banded about the sacred name. He winced each time.

One woman, with perhaps more active intellect than some of the rest, began to dilate on the signs already in the world which proved the Second Advent was near. Her tone was not one of exultant feeling, but of calm reason. Her desire was evidently to strengthen her sisters who might be cast down. In her view all the ages of the history of the vast human race were seen in the natural perspective which makes things that are near loom larger than all that is far. The world, she affirmed, was more evil than it had ever been. In the Church there was such spiritual death as never before. The few great revivals there were showed that now the poor were being bidden from the highways to the marriage feast. And, above all else, it was now proved that the coming of the Lord was nigh, because bands of the elect everywhere were watching and waiting for the great event. Her speech was well put forth in the midst of the weary descent. She did not say more than was needed. If there were drooping hearts among her friends they were probably cheered.

Then some more emotional talkers took up the exultant strain again. It was hard for Trenholme not to estimate the inner hearts of all these women by the words that he heard, and therefore to attribute all the grace of the midnight hour to the dead.

When they got to the bottom of the hill, the farmer, at the request of men who had gone first, had another waggon in readiness to take home the women who had come to the hill on foot or who had sent away their vehicles. Many of them did not belong to the village of Chellaston. It was evidently better that the lighter waggon which had come from Chellaston should go round now to the outlying farms, and that all the villagers should return in that provided by the farmer. Trenholme

put in the child, who was now sleeping, and helped in the women, one by one. Their white skirts were wet and soiled; he felt this as he aided them to dispose them on the straw which had been put in for warmth. The farmer, an Englishman, made some wise, and not uncivil, observations upon the expediency of remaining at home at dead of night as compared with ascending hills in white frocks. He was a kind man, but his words made Winifred's tears flow afresh. She shrank behind the rest. Trenholme kissed her little cold hand when he had put her in. Then, last of all, he helped Sophia.

She had no words ready now to offer him by which to make amends "You have hurt your foot?" she said.

He told her briefly that his foot had twisted under him, so that at first he had not been able to come on for the sprain, and he clasped her hand as he bade the waggon drive on.

Feeling the lack of her own apology, she told herself he had shown himself greater than she, in that he had evidently pardoned her without it.

He did not feel himself to be great.

The cart jolted away. Trenholme stood in the farmyard. The light of a lantern made a little flare about the stable door. The black, huge barns around seemed to his weary sense oppressive in their nearness. The waggon disappeared down the dark lane. The farmer talked more roughly, now that kindness no longer restrained him, of the night's event. Trenholme leaned against a whitewashed wall, silent but not listening. He almost wondered he did not faint with the pain in his ankle; the long strain he had put upon the hurt muscle rendered it almost agonising, but faintness did not come: it seldom does to those who sigh for it, as for the wings of a dove, that they may go far away with it and be at rest. The farmer shut the stable door, put out the light, and Trenholme limped into the house with him to wait for his brother.

CHAPTER XL

ALL this time Alec was walking, like a sentry, up and down beside the old man's corpse. He was not alone. When the others had gone he found that the young American had remained with him. He came back from the lower trees whence he had watched the party disappear.

"Come to think of it," he said, "I'll keep you company."

Something in his manner convinced Alec that this was no second thought; he had had no intention of leaving. He was a slight fellow, and, apparently too tired now to wish to stand or walk longer, he looked about him for a seat. None offered in the close vicinity of the corpse and Alec, its sentinel; but, equal to his own necessity, he took a newspaper from his pocket, folded it into a small square, laid it on the wet beaten grass, and sat thereon, arching his knees till only the soles of his boots touched the ground. To Alec's eye his long, thin figure looked so odd, bent into this repeated angle, that he almost suspected burlesque; but none was intended. The youth clasped his hands round his knees, the better to keep himself

upright, and, seated thus a few yards from the body, he shared the watch for some time as mute as was all else in that silent place.

Alec's curiosity became aroused. At last he hesitated in his walk.

"You are from the States?"

"Well, yes; I am. But I reckon I'm prouder of my country than it has reason to be of me. I'm down in the mouth to-night—that's a fact."

A fine description of sorrow would not have been so eloquent, but exactly what he sorrowed for Alec did not know. It could hardly be for the death merely.

Alec paced again. He had made himself an uneven track in the ragged grass. Had the lineaments of the dead been more clearly seen, death would have had a stronger influence; but even as it was, death, darkness, and solitude had a language of their own, in which the hearts of the two men shared more or less.

At length the American spoke, arresting Alec's walk.

"See here," he said, "if what they say is true—and, as far as I know, it is—he's got up from being dead *once* already."

The emphasis on the word "once" conveyed the suggestion which had evidently just occurred to him.

"Oh, I know all about *that* story," Alec spoke with the scorn of superior information, casting off the disagreeable suggestion. "I was there myself."

"You were, were you? Well, so was I; and I tell you I know no more than babe unborn whether this old gentleman 's Cameron or not."

Alec's mind was singularly free from any turn for speculative thought. He intended to bring Bates to see the dead in the morning, and that would decide the matter. He saw no sense in debating a question of fact.

"I was one of the fellows in that survey," explained Harkness, "and if you're the fellow we saw at the station, as I reckon you are, then I don't know any more about this old gentleman I've been housing than you do."

Trenholme had an impulse to command silence, but, resisting it, only kept silence himself, and resumed his tread over the uneven ground.

"Tisn't true," broke in the other again, in unexpected denial of his own words, "that that's all I know. I know something more; 'tisn't much, perhaps, but, as I value my soul's salvation, I'll say it here. Before I left the neighbourhood of Turrif's, I heard of this old gentleman here a-making his way round the country, and I put in currency the report that he was Cameron, and I've no doubt that that suggestion made the country folks head him off towards Turrif's station as far as they could influence his route; and that'll be how he came there at Christmas time. Look you here! I didn't know then, and I don't know now, whether he *was* or *wasn't*—I didn't think he was—but for a scheme I had afoot I set that idea going. I did it by telegraphing it along the line, as if I'd been one of the operators. The thing worked better than I expected."

Alec listened without the feeling of interest the

words were expected to arouse. To his mind a fellow who spoke glibly about his soul's salvation was either silly or profane. He had no conception that this man, whose way of regarding his own feelings, and whose standard of propriety as to their expression, differed so much from his own, was, in reality, going through a moral crisis.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, I guess that's about all I have to say."

"If you didn't, and don't know anything more, I don't see that you've told me anything." He meant, anything worth telling, for he did not feel that he had any business with the other's tricks or schemes.

"I do declare," cried Harkness, without heeding his indifference, "I'm just cut up about this night's affair; I never thought Job would set on any one but his wife. I do regret I brought this good old gentleman to this place. If some one offered me half Bates's land now, I wouldn't feel inclined to take it."

Trenholme returned to his pacing, but when he had passed and re-passed, he said, "Cameron doesn't seem to have been able to preach and pray like an educated man; but Bates is here, he will see him to-morrow, and if he doesn't claim the body, the police will advertise. Some one must know who the old man is."

The words that came in return seemed singularly irrelevant. "What about the find of asbestos the surveyor thought he'd got on the hills where Bates's clearing is? Has Bates got a big offer for the land?"

"He has had some correspondence about it," said Trenholme, stiffly.

"He'll be a rich man yet," remarked the American, gloomily. "Asbestos mines are piling in dollars, I can tell you. It's a shame, to my mind, that a snapping crab-stick like that old Bates should have it all." He rose as with the irritation of the idea, but appeared arrested as he looked down at the dead man. "And when I think how them poor ladies got their white skirts dragged, I do declare I feel cut up to that extent I wouldn't care for an asbestos mine if somebody came and offered it to me for nothing this minute."

Then, too absorbed in feeling to notice the bathos of his speech, he put his hands in his pockets, and began strolling up and down a beat of his own, a few yards from the track Trenholme had made, and on the other side of the dead.

As they walked at different paces, and passing each other at irregular times, perhaps the mind of each recurred to the remembrance of the other ghostly incident and the rumour that the old man had already risen once. The open spot of sloping ground surrounded by high black trees, which had been so lately trodden by many feet, seemed now the most desolate of desolate places. The hymn, the prayer, that had arisen there seemed to leave in the air only that lingering influence which past excitement lends to its acute reaction.

A sudden sharp crack and rustling, coming from out the gloom of the trees, startled them.

"Ho!" shouted the American. "Stand! Is there any one there?"

And Alec in his heart called him a fool for his pains, and yet he himself had not been less startled.

Nothing more was heard. It was only that Time—Time, that mysterious medium through which circumstance comes to us from the source of being; that river, which unseen, unfelt, unheard, flows onward everywhere—had just then brought the moment for some dead branch to fall.

CHAPTER XLI.

THAT which is to be seen of any event, its causes and consequences, is never important compared with the supreme importance of those unseen workings of things physical and things spiritual which are the heart of our life. The iceberg of the northern seas is less than its unseen foundations; the lava stream is less than the molten sea whence it issues; the apple falling to the ground, and the moon circling in her orbit, are less than the great invisible force which controls their movements and the movements of all the things that do appear. The crime is not so great as its motive, nor yet as its results; the beneficent deed is not so great as the beneficence of which it is but a fruit; yet we cannot see beneficence, nor motives, nor far-reaching results. We cannot see the greatest forces which, in hidden places, act and counteract to bring great things without observation; we see some broken fragments of their turmoil which now and again are cast up within our sight.

Notwithstanding this, which we all know, the average man feels himself quite competent to observe and to pass judgment on all that occurs in his vicinity. In the matter of the curious experience which the sect of the Adventists passed through in Chellaston, the greater part of the community formed prompt judgment, and in this judgment the chief element was derision.

The very next day, in the peaceful Sunday sunshine, the good people of Chellaston (and many of them were truly good) spent their breath in expatiating upon the absurdity of those who had met with the madman upon the mountain to pray for the descent of Heaven. It was counted a comfort that a preacher so evidently mad was dead; and it was considered as certain that his followers would now see their folly in the same light in which others saw it. It was reported as a very good joke that when one white-clad woman had returned to her home, wan and weary, in the small hours of the night, her husband had refused to let her in, calling to her from an upper window that *his wife* had gone to have a fly with the angels, and he did not know who *she* might be. Another and coarser version of the same tale was, that he had taken no notice of her, but had called to his man that the white cow had got loose and ought to be taken back into the paddock. Both versions were considered excellent in the telling. Many a worthy Christian, coming out of his or her place of worship, chuckled over the wit of this amiable husband, and observed, in the midst of laughter, that his wife, poor thing, had only got her deserts.

In the earlier hours of that Sunday morning rumour had darted about, busily telling of the sudden freak the drunkard's violence had taken, and of Father Cameron's death. Many a version of the story was brought to the hotel, but through them the truth sifted, and the people there heard what had really occurred. Eliza heard, for one, and was a good deal shocked. Still, as the men about the place remarked that it was a happy release for Father Cameron, who had undoubtedly gone to heaven, and that it was an advantage, too, to Job's wife, who would now be saved from further torment at her husband's hands, her mind became acquiescent. For herself, she had no reason to be sorry the old man was dead. It was better for him; it was better for her, too. So, without inward or outward agitation, she directed the morning business of the house, setting all things in such order that she, the guiding hand of it all, might that afternoon take holiday.

Some days before she had been invited by Mrs. Rexford to spend this afternoon with them and take tea. Then, as it was said that Principal Trenholme, in spite of a sprained ankle, had insisted upon taking the church services as usual, all the fine ladies at the hotel intended to go and hear him preach in the evening. Eliza would go too. This programme was highly agreeable to her, more so than exciting amusement which would have pleased other girls better. Although nothing would have drawn expression of the fact from her, in the bottom of her deeply ambitious heart she felt honoured by the invitations Miss Rexford obtained for her, and appreciated to the full their value. She also knew the worth of suitable attendance at church.

Sunday was always a peaceful day at Chellaston. Much that was truly godly, and much that was in truth worldly, combined together to present a very respectable show of sabbath-keeping. The hotel shared in the sabbath quiet, especially in the afternoon, when most people had gone to their rooms to rest.

About three o'clock Eliza was ready to go to her room on the third storey to dress for the afternoon. This process was that day important, for she put on a new black silk gown. It was beflounced and befrilled according to the fashion of the time. When she had arranged it to a nicety in her own room, she descended to one of the parlours to survey herself in the pier glass. No one was there. The six red velvet chairs and the uniform sofa stood in perfect order round the room. The table, with figured cloth, had a large black Bible on it as usual. On either side of the long looking-glass was a window, in which the light of day was somewhat dulled by coarse lace curtains. Abundance of light there was, however, for Eliza's purpose. She shut the door, and pushed aside the table which held the Bible, the better to show herself to herself in the looking-glass.

Eliza faced herself. She turned and looked at herself over one shoulder; then she looked over the other shoulder. As she did so, the curving column of her white neck was a thing a painter might have desired to look at, had he been able to take his eyes from the changeful sheen on her glossy

red hair. But there was no painter there, and Eliza was looking at the gown. She walked to the end of the room, looking backward over her shoulder. She walked up the room toward the mirror, observing the moving folds of the skirt as she walked. She went aside, out of the range of the glass, and came into it again to observe the effect of meeting herself as though by chance, or rather, of meeting a young woman habited in such a black silk gown, for it was not in herself precisely that Eliza was at the moment interested. She did not smile at herself, or meet her own eyes in the glass. She was gravely intent upon looking as well as she could, not upon estimating how well she looked.

The examination was satisfactory. Perhaps a woman more habituated to silk gowns and mantua-makers would have found small wrinkles in sleeve or shoulder; but Eliza was pleased. If the gown was not perfect, it was as good a one as she was in the habit of seeing, even upon gala occasions. And she had no intention of keeping her gown for occasions; her intention was that it should be associated with her in the ordinary mind of the place. Now that she was fortunate enough to possess silk (and she was determined this should only be the forerunner of a succession of such gowns) people should think of her as Miss White who wore silk in the afternoons. She settled this as she saw how well the material became her. Then, with grave care, she arranged a veil round the black bonnet she wore, and stood putting on new gloves preparatory to leaving the room.

Eliza was not very imaginative; but had she been disposed to foresee events, much as she might have harassed herself, she would not have been more likely to hit upon the form to be taken by the retributive fate she always vaguely feared, than are any of the poor creatures enslaved by fearful imaginations.

The door opened, and Harkness thrust his handsome head into the room. He was evidently looking for her. When he saw her he came in hastily, shutting the door, and standing with his back to it, as if he did not care to enter further.

Eliza had not seen him that day. After what had happened she rather dreaded the next interview, as she did not know what he might find to say; but the instant she saw him, she perceived that it was something more decisive than he had ever shown sign of before. He looked tired, and at the same time as if his spirit was upwrought within him, and his will set to some purpose.

"I'm real glad to see you," he said, but not pleasantly. "I've been looking for you; and it's just as well for you I found you without more ado."

"I'm just going out," said Eliza; "I can't stay now."

"You'll just stop a bit where you are, and hear what I'm going to say."

"I can't," said she, angrily; but he was at the door, and she made no movement towards it.

He talked right on. "I'm going away," he said. "I've packed up all that I possess here in this place, and I'm going to depart by this afternoon's train. No one much knows of this intention. I take it

you won't interfere, so I don't mind confiding my design to your *kind* and *sympathetic* breast."

The emphasis he laid on the eulogy was evidently intended for bitter sarcasm. Anger gave her unwonted glibness.

"I'll ask you to be good enough to pay our bill, then. If you're making off because you can't pay your other debts it's no affair of mine."

He bowed mockingly. "You are real kind. Can't think how much obliged I am for your tactful reminder; but it don't happen to be my financial affairs that I came to introduce to your notice." He stammered a moment, as if carried rather out of his bearings by his own loquacity. "It's—it's rather *your* finances that I wish to enlarge upon."

She opposed herself to him in cold silence that would not betray a gleam of curiosity.

"You're a mighty fine young lady, upon my word!" he observed, running his eye visibly over her apparel. "Able to work for yourself, and buy silk skirts, and owning half of a bit of ground that people are beginning to think will be worth something considerable when they get to mining there. Oh, you're a fine one—what with your qualities and your fortune!"

A sudden unbecoming colour came with tell-tale vehemence over her cheek and brow.

"Your qualities of mind, as I've remarked, are fine; but the qualities of your heart, my dear, are finer still. I've been making love to you, with the choicest store of loving arts, for eight long months; and the first blush I've been enabled to raise on your lovely countenance is when I told you you've more money than you looked for! You're a tender-hearted young lady!"

"The only train I ever heard of on Sunday afternoon goes pretty soon," she said; and yet there was now an eager look of curiosity in her eyes that belied her words.

He took no notice of her warning, but resumed now with mock apology. "But I'm afraid I'm mistaken in the identity. Sorry to disappoint you, but the estate I allude to belongs to Miss Cameron, who lived near a locality called Turri's Station. Beg pardon, forgot for the moment your name was White, and that you know nothing about that interesting and historic spot."

Perhaps because she had played the part of indifference so long, it seemed easiest to her, even in her present confusion of mind; at any rate she remained silent.

"Pity you weren't her, isn't it?" He showed all his white teeth. He had been pale at first, but in talking the fine dark red took its wonted place in his cheeks. He had tossed back his loose smoke-coloured hair with a nervous hand. His dark beauty never showed to better advantage as he stood leaning back on the door. "Pity you aren't her, isn't it?" he repeated, smiling.

She had no statuesque pose, but she had assumed a look of insensibility almost equal to that of stone.

"—Come to think of it, even if you were her, you'd find it hard to say so now; so, either way, I reckon you'll have to do without the tin. 'Twould be real awkward to say to all your respectable friends

that you'd been sailing under false colours; that 'White' isn't your *bonâ fide* cognomen; that you'd deserted a helpless old woman to come away; and as to *how you left your home*—the sort of carriage you took to, my dear, and how you got over the waggoner to do the work of a sexton—oh, my, fine tale for Chellaston, that! No, my dear young lady, take a fatherly word of admonition; your best plan is to make yourself easy without the tin."

He looked at her, even now, with more curiosity than malice in his smiling face. A power of complete reserve was so foreign to his own nature that without absolute proof he could not entirely believe in it in her. The words he was speaking might have been the utter nonsense to her that they would have been to any but the girl who was lost from the Bates and Cameron clearing, for all hint she gave of understanding. He worked on his supposition, however. He had all the talking to himself.

"You're mighty secret! Now, look at me. I'm no saint, and I've come here to make a clean breast of that fact. When I was born, Uncle Sam said to me, 'Cyril P. Harkness, you're a son of mine, and it's your vocation to worship the God of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Almighty Dollar;' and I piped up, 'Right you are, uncle.' I was only a baby then." He added these last words reflectively, as if pondering on the reminiscence, and gained the object of his foolery—that she spoke.

"If you mean to tell me that you're fond of money, that's no news. I've had sense to see *that*. If you thought I'd a mine belonging to me somewhere, that accounts for the affection you've been talking of so much. I *begin* to believe in it now."

She meant her words to be very cutting, but she had not much mobility of voice or glance; and moreover, her heart was like lead within her; her words fell heavily.

"Just so," said he, bowing as if to compliment her discrimination. "You may believe me, for I'm just explaining to you I'm not a saint, and that is a sentiment you may almost always take stock in when expressed by human lips. I was real sick last summer; and when I came to want a holiday I thought I'd do it cheap, so when I got wind of a walking party—a set of gentlemen who were surveying—I got them to let me go along. Camp follower I was, and 'twas first-rate fun, especially as I was on the scent of what they were looking for. So then we came on asbestos in one part. Don't know what that is, my dear? Never mind as to its chemical proportions; there's dollars in it. Then we dropped down on the house of the gentlemen that owned about half the hill. One of them was just dead, and he had a daughter, but she was lost; and as I was always mighty fond of young ladies, I looked for her. Oh, you may believe, I looked, till, when she was nowhere, I half thought the man who said she was lost had been fooling. Well, then, I" (he stopped, and drawled teasingly) "—but *possibly* I intrude. Do you hanker after hearing the remainder of this history?"

She had sat down by the centre table with her back to him.

"You can go on," she muttered.

"Thanks for your kind permission. I haven't got much more to tell, for I don't know to this mortal minute whether I've ever found that young lady or not; but I have my suspicions. Any way, that day away we went across the lake, and when the snow drove us down from the hills the day after, the folks near the railroad were all in a stew about the remains of Bates's partner, the poppa of the young lady. His remains, having come there for burial, and not appearing to like the idea, had taken the liberty of stepping out on the edge of the evening, and hooking it. So said I, 'What if that young lady was real enterprising! what if she got the waggoner to put her poppa under the soil of the forest, and rode on herself, grand as you please, in his burial casket!' (That poor waggoner drank himself to death of remorse, but that was nothing to her.) The circumstances were confusing, and the accounts given by different folks were confusing, and, what's more, 'tisn't easy to believe in a sweet girl having her poppa buried quite secret; most young ladies is too delicate. Still, after a bit, the opinion I've mentioned did become my view of the situation; and I said to myself 'Cyril, good dog; here's your vocation quite handy. Find the young lady, find her good fellow! Ingratiate yourself in her eyes, and you've got not only an asbestos mine, but a wife of such smartness and enterprise as rarely falls to the lot of rising young men.' I didn't blame her one bit for the part she had taken, for I'd seen the beast she'd have had to live with. No doubt her action was the properest she could take. And I thought if I came on her panting, flying, and offered her my protection, she'd fall down and adore me. So, to make a long tale short, I stopped a bit in that locality, hunting for her quite private after every one else had given up hunting. I heard of a daft old man who'd got about, the Lord only knows how, and I set the folks firmly believing that he was old Cameron. Well, if he was, then the girl was lost and dead; but if he *wasn't*—well, I twigged it she'd got on the railroad, and, by being real pleasant to all the car-men, I found out quite by the way and private how she might have got on, and where any girl had got off, till by patience and perseverance I got on your track; and I've been eight months trying to fathom your deepness and win your affections. The more fool I! For to try to win what hasn't any more existence than the pot at the rainbow's tail is clear waste of time. Deep you are; but you haven't got any of the commodity of affection in your breast."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, like an honest man?" she asked; and I'd have told you you didn't know as much as you thought you did. Her voice was a little thick; but it was expressionless.

"I'm not green. If you'd known you were possessed of money, d'you suppose you'd have stayed here to marry me? Oh no, I meant to get that little ceremony over first, and *spring the mine* on you for a wedding present *after*. The reason I've told you now is that I wouldn't marry you now, not if you'd ten millions of dollars in cash in your pocket."

"Why not? If I'm the person you take me for, I'm as rich and clever now." She still sat with

her back to him; her voice so impassive that even interrogation was hardly expressed in words that had the form of a question.

"Yes, and you'd be richer and cleverer now with me, by a long chalk, than without me! If you'd me to say who you are, and that I'd known it all along, and how you'd got here, and to bring up the railroad fellows (I've got all their names) who noticed you to bear witness, your claim would look better in the eyes of the law. 'Twould look a deal better in the eyes of the world, too, to come as Mrs. Cyril P. Harkness, saying you had been Miss Cameron, than to come on the stage as Miss White, laying claim to another name; and it would be a long sight more comfortable to have me to support and cherish you at such a time than not to have a friend in the world except the folks whose eyes you've pulled the wool over, and who'll be mighty shocked. Oh yes; by Jenima! you'd be richer and cleverer now with me than without me. But I'll tell you what I've come here to say"—his manner took a tone more serious; his mocking smile passed away; he seemed to pause to arrest his own lightness, and put on an unwonted dignity. "I tell you," he repeated slowly, "what I've come here to say—I do despise a young lady without a heart. Do you know what occurred last night? As good an old gentleman as ever lived was brutally felled to the earth and killed; a poor man who was never worse than a drunkard has become a murderer, and there's a many good pious ladies in this town who'll go about till death's day jeered at as fools. Would you like to be marked for a fool? No, you wouldn't, and neither will they; and if you're the young lady I take you for, you could have hindered all this, *and* you didn't. I brought the old man to this place; I am to blame in that, my own self, I am; but when I stood last night and heard him pray, and saw those poor ladies, with their white garbs all bedraggled, around him praying, I said to myself, 'Cyril, you've reason to call on the rocks and hills to cover you,' and I had grace to be right down sorry. I'm right down ashamed, and so I'm going to pull up stakes and go back to where I came from; and I've come here now to tell you that after what I've seen of you in this matter I'd sooner die than be hitched with you. You've no more heart than my old shoe; as long as you get on it's all one to you who goes to the devil. You're not only as sharp as I took you for, but a good deal sharper. Go ahead; you'll get rich somehow; you'll get grand; but I want you to know that, though I'm pretty tricky myself, and cute enough to have thought of a good thing and followed it up pretty far, I've got a heart; and I do despise a person made of stone. I was *real* fond of you, for you far exceeded my expectations; but I'm not fond of you now one bit. If you was to go down on your bended knees and ask me to admire you now, I wouldn't."

She listened to all the sentence he pronounced upon her. When he had finished she asked a question. "What do you mean about going to law about the clearin'?"

"Your worthy friend, Mr. Bates, has arrived in this place this very day. He's located with the Principal, he *is*."

"He isn't here," she replied in angry scorn.

"All right. Just as you please."

"He isn't here," she said more sulkily.

"But he is."

She ignored his replies. "What do you mean about going to law about the land?"

"Why, I haven't got much time left"—he was standing now with his watch in his hand—"but for the sake of old times I'll tell you, if you don't see through that. D'you suppose Bates isn't long-headed! He's heard about Father Cameron being here, and knowing the old man couldn't give an account of himself, he's come to see him and pretend he's your father. Of course he's no notion of you being here. He swears right and left that you went over the hills and perished in the snow; and he's got up great mourning and lamenting, so I've heard, for your death. Oh, Jemima! Can't you see through that?"

"Tell me what you mean!" she demanded, haughtily. She was standing again now.

"Why, my dear, if you knew a bit more of the world, you'd know that it meant that he intends to pocket all the money himself. And, what's more, he's got the best of the situation; for you left him of your own accord, my dear, and changed your name, and if you should surprise him now by putting in an appearance and saying you're the lost young lady, what's to hinder him saying you're *not* you, and keeping the tin? I don't know who's to swear to you, myself. The men round Turriks said you were growing so fast that between one time and another they wouldn't know you. Worst, that is, of living in out-of-the way parts—no one sees you often enough to know if you're you or if you're not you."

"It is not true," she cried. He had at last brought the flash to her eyes. She stood before him palpitating with passion. "You are a liar!" she said, intensely. "Mr. Bates is as honest as—" words failed her—"as—as honest and as good as you don't even know how to think of."

He was like a necromancer who, although triumphant at having truly raised a spirit by his incantations, quails mystified before it.

"Oh well, since you feel so badly about it I'll not say that you mayn't outwit him if you put in your claim. You needn't give up all for lost if he does try to face it out."

"Give up what for lost? Do you think I care about this old mine so much? I tell you, sooner than hear a tricky sharper like you say that Mr. Bates is as cunning as you are, I'd—I'd—" She did not say more, but she trembled with passion. "Go!" she concluded. "If you say I'm unfeeling, you say a thing I suppose is true enough; but you've said things of me this afternoon that are not true; and if there's a good, honest man in this world, it's Mr. Bates. Sooner than not believe that I'd—sooner die."

The tears had welled up and overflowed her eyes. Her face was red and burning.

"—Say, Eliza," he said, gently enough. He was more astonished than he could realise or express. He did not know how to turn his mind to meet this surprise, but he was really troubled to see her cry.

"Oh, don't 'Eliza' me!" she cried angrily. "You

said you were going to go. Go—go—I tell you, go! What business is it of yours, I'd like to know, to mention Mr. Bates to me? You've no business with either him or me."

"Upon my word! I'll take my gospel oath I've said no more than I do believe."

"I dare say not. You don't know what an honest man is, so how could you believe in one?"

"I've a real soft heart; I hate to see you cry, Eliza."

"Well, Mr. Bates hasn't a soft heart at all; he's as unkind as can be; but he's as much above you, with all your softness, as light is above boot blacking."

She was not good-looking in her tears. She was not modest in her anger; all the crude rude elements of her nature broke forth. She wrenched the door open, although with obstinate strength he tried to keep it shut, desiring stupidly to comfort her. She cast him aside as a rough man might push a boy. When she was making her way upstairs he heard smothered sounds of grief and rage escaping from her.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Eliza had been in her own room for about half an hour, her passion had subsided. She was not glad of this; in perverseness she would have recalled the tempest if she could, but she knew not what to call back or how to call. She knew no more what had disturbed her than in times of earthquake the cold sea water knows the cause of its unwonted surging. She did not even know that she did not know herself. She sat angry and miserable; angry with Harkness, not because he had called her heartless—she did not care in the slightest for his praise or blame—but because he had been the bearer of ill tidings; and because he had in some way produced in her the physical and mental distress of angry passion, a distress felt more when passion is subsiding. She ranked it as ill tidings that her father's land had risen in value. She would rather that her worldly wisdom in leaving it had been proved by subsequent events than disproved, as now, by news which raised such a golden possibility before her ignorant eyes that her heart was rent with pangs of envy and covetousness, while her pride warred at the very thought of stooping to take back what she had cast away, and all the disclosure that must ensue. Above all, she counted it ill tidings that Bates was reported to be in the place. She was as angry with him now as on the day she had left him—more angry, for now he could vaunt new prosperity as an additional reason why she had been wrong to go. Why had he come here to disturb and interrupt? What did the story about Father Cameron matter to him? She felt like a hunted stag at bay; she only desired strength and opportunity to trample the hunter.

Partly because she felt more able to deal with others than with the dull angry misery of her own heart, partly because she was a creature of custom, disliking to turn from what she had set out to do, she found herself, after about an hour of solitude, re-arranging her street toilet to walk to Mrs. Rexford's house.

When she had made her way down to the lower

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flat of the hotel she found Harkness had spoken the truth in saying he intended to go, for he was gone. The men in the cool shaded bar-room were talking about it. Mr. Hutchins mentioned it to her through the door. He sat in his big chair, his crutches leaning against him.

"Packed up; paid his bill; gone clear off—did you know?"

"Yes, I knew," said Eliza, although she had not known till that moment.

side, and light airs came through the outer door and fanned her, but in here the sweet air was tarnished with smoke from the cigars of one or two loiterers.

Two men of the village were sitting with their hats on. As they said "Good-day" to Eliza, they did not rise or take off their hats, not because they did not feel towards her as a man would who would give this civility, but because they were not in the habit of expressing their feelings in that way.



IN A LONG CHAIR LAY THE MAN SHE SOUGHT.

"—Said he was so cut up, and that he wouldn't stay to give evidence against poor Job, or be hauled before the coroner to be cross-questioned about the old man. He's a sharp 'un; packed up in less time than it takes most men to turn round—adjustable chair and all."

Eliza had come to the threshold of the bar-room door to hear all he said. The sunshine of a perfect summer day fell on the verandah just out-

A transient caller was old Dr. Nash, and he, looking at Eliza, recognised in a dull way something in her appearance which made him think her a finer woman than he had formerly supposed, and, pulling off his hat, he made her a stiff bow.

Eliza spoke only to Mr. Hutchins: "I shall be gone about four hours; I am going to the Rexfords to tea. You'd better look into the dining-room once or twice when supper's on."

"All right," said he, adding, when the clock had had time to tick once, "Miss White."

And the reason he affixed her name to his promise was the same that had compelled Dr. Nash's bow—a sense of her importance growing upon him; but the hotel-keeper observed, what the old doctor did not, that the gown was silk.

"Fine woman that, sir," he remarked, when she was gone, to any one who might wish to receive the statement.

"Well," said one of the men, "I should just think it."

"She seems," said Dr. Nash, stiffly, "to be a good girl, and a clever one."

"She isn't *just* now what I'd call a gurl," said the man who had answered first. "She's young, I know; but now, if you see her walking about the dining-room, she's more like a *queen* than a *gurl*."

Without inquiring into the nature of this distinction Dr. Nash got into his buggy. As he drove down the street under the arching elm trees he soon passed Eliza on her way to the Rexfords, and again he lifted his hat. Eliza, with grave propriety, returned the salutation.

The big hawthorn tree at the beginning of Captain Rexford's fence was thickly bedecked with pale scarlet haws. Eliza opened the gate beside it and turned up the cart road, walking on its grassy edge, concealed from the house by ragged lilac trees. She preferred this to-day to the open path leading to the central door. This road brought her to the end of the long front verandah. Here she perceived voices from the sitting-room, and, listening, thought she heard Principal Trenholme talking. She went on past the gable of the house into the yard, a sloping straggling bit of ground, enclosed on three sides by the house and its additions of dairies and stables, and on the fourth side bounded by the river. For once the place seemed deserted by the children. A birch, the only tree in the enclosure, cast fluttering shadow on the closely cropped sod. Sunlight sparkled on the river and on the row of tin milk pans set out near the kitchen door. To this door Eliza went slowly, fanning herself with her handkerchief, for the walk had been warm. She saw Miss Rexford was in the kitchen alone, attending to some light cookery.

"I heard company in the front room, so I came round here till they were gone."

"You are not usually shy," said Sophia.

Eliza sat down on a chair by the wall. With the door wide open the yard seemed a part of the kitchen. It was a pleasant place. The birch tree flicked its shadow as far as the much-worn wooden doorstep.

"I was very sorry to hear about last night, Miss Sophia," said Eliza, sincerely, meaning that she was sorry on Winifred's account more immediately.

"Yes," said Sophia, acknowledging that there was reason for such sympathy.

"Is that Principal Trenholme talking?" asked Eliza. The talk in the sitting-room came through the loose door, and a doubt suddenly occurred to her.

"No; it's his brother," said Sophia.

"The voices are alike."

"Yes; but the two men don't seem to be much alike."

"I didn't know he had a brother."

"Didn't you? He has just come."

Sophia was taking tea-cakes from the oven. Eliza leaned her head against the wall. She felt warm and oppressed, and in her lassitude her attention was more closely given to sounds that were to be heard. One of the smaller children opened the sitting-room door just then and came into the kitchen. The child wore a very clean pinafore in token of the day. She came and sat on Eliza's knee. The door was left ajar. Instead of stray words and unintelligible sentences, all the talk of the sitting-room was now the common property of those in the kitchen.

In beginning to hear a conversation already in full flow, it is a few moments before the interchange of remarks and interrogations makes sense to us. Eliza only came to understand what was being talked of when the visitor said,

"No, I'm afraid there's no doubt about the poor girl's death. After there had been two or three snow-storms there was evidently no use in looking for her any more; but even then, I think it was months before *he* gave up hopes of her return. Night after night he used to hoist the pine-wood torch, thinking she might have fallen in with Indians, and be still alive, and trying to make her way back. The fact of the matter was, Mrs. Rexford, Bates *loved* her, and he simply *could not* give her up for dead."

The young man had as many emphasised words in his speech as a girl might have had, yet his talk did not give the impression of easily expressed feeling.

"Ah, it was very sad."

"Yes, I didn't know I could have minded so much a thing that did not affect me personally. Then, when he had given up hope of finding her living, he was off, when the spring came, everywhere over the woods, supposing that if she had perished, her body could be found when the snow was gone. I couldn't help helping him to search the place for miles round. It's a fine place in spring, too; but I don't know when one cares less about spring flowers than when one's half expecting the dead body of a girl to turn up in every hollow where they grow thickest. I've beaten down a whole valley of trillium lilies just to be sure she had not fallen between the rocks they grew on. And if I felt that way, you may suppose it was bad enough for Bates."

"He seems to have had a feeling heart."

"Oh, well, he had brought the girl up. I don't think he cared for anything in the world but her."

"And Dr. Nash saw Mr. Bates as soon as you got him to your brother's? If Dr. Nash thinks he'll pull through I should think you must feel hopeful."

"Yes—well, I left him on the sofa. He's rather bad."

There was a pause, as if Mrs. Rexford might be sighing and shaking her head over some suffering before described.

Sophia had gone to the milk cellar to get cream for tea. Eliza followed her out into the yard.

"I had better not stay to tea," said she, "there won't be room."

"Oh yes, there will; I have a headache, so I'm not going into the dining-room."

"Then I won't stay. I would rather come some night when you are there."

"How handsome your dress looks! You are getting quite a fine lady, Eliza."

"My dress!" said Eliza, looking down at it. It seemed to her so long since she thought of it. "Yes," she continued, stroking it, "it looks very nicely, doesn't it?"

Sophia assented heartily. She liked the girl's choice of clothes; they seemed to remove her from, and set her far above, the commoner people who frequented the hotel.

"You're very tired, Miss Sophia, I can see; and it's no wonder after last night. It's no fun staying to-night, for we all feel dull about what's happened; I'll go now."

Eliza went quietly down the lane again, in shadow of the lilac hedge, and let herself out of the wooden gate; but she did not return to the village. She looked down the road the other way, measuring with her eyes the distance to the roof of Trenholme's house. She walked in that direction, and when she came to Captain Rexford's pasture field, she got through the bars and crossed it to a small wood that lay behind. Long golden strips of light lay athwart the grass between elongated shades cast by cows and bushes. The sabbath quiet was everywhere. All the cows in the pasture came towards her, for it was milking time, and any one who came suggested to them the luxury of that process. Some followed her in slow and dubious fashion; some stopped before her on the path. Eliza did not even look at them, and when she went in among the young fir trees they left her alone.

It was not a thick wood; the evening sun shone freely between the clumps of young spruce. In an open glade an elm tree stood, striking out branches sensitive to each breath of air, golden in the slant sunlight above the low dark firs. The roots of this tree were raised and dry. Eliza sat down on them. She could see between the young trees out to the side of the College houses and their exit to the road. She could see the road too: it was this she watched.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ELIZA sat still in her rough woodland chamber till the stray sunbeams had left its floor of moss and played only through the high open windows in the elm bough roof. She had seen the cows milked, and now heard the church bells ring. She looked intently through the fissures of the spruce shrub walls till at length she saw a light carriage drive away from the College grounds with the clergyman and his brother in it. She knew now that their house would be left almost empty. After waiting till the last churchgoing gig had passed on the road and the bells had stopped, she went into the College grounds by a back way, and on to the front of Trenholme's house.

As was common in the place, the front door yielded when the handle was turned. Eliza had no wish to summon the housekeeper. She stood

in the inner hall and listened, that she might hear what rooms had inmates. From the kitchen came occasional clinking of cups and plates; the housekeeper had evidently not swerved from her regular work. With ears preternaturally acute, Eliza hearkened to the silence in the other rooms till some slight sound, she could hardly tell of what, led her upstairs to a certain door. She did not knock; she had no power to stand there waiting for a response; the primitive manners of the log house in which she had lived so long were upon her. She entered the room abruptly, roughly, as she would have entered the log house door.

In a long chair lay the man she sought. He was dressed in common, ill-fitting clothes; he lay as only the very weak lie, head and limbs visibly resting on the support beneath them.

She crossed her arms, and stood there, fierce and defiant. She was conscious of the dignity of her pose, of her improved appearance and of her fine clothes; the consciousness formed part of her defiance. But he did not even see her mood, just as, manlike, he did not see her dress. All that he did see was that here, in actual life before him, was the girl he had lost. In his weakness he bestirred himself with a cry of fond, wondering joy—"Sissy!"

"Yes, Mr. Bates, I'm here."

Some power came to him, for he sat erect, awed and reverent before this sudden delight that his eyes were drinking in. "Are you safe, Sissy?" he whispered.

"Yes," she replied, scornfully, "I've been quite safe ever since I got away from you, Mr. Bates. I've taken care of myself, so I'm quite safe and getting on finely; but I'd get on better if my feet weren't tied in a sack because of the things you made me do—you *made* me do it, you know you did." She challenged his self conviction with fierce intensity. "It was you made me go off and leave your aunt before you'd got any one else to take care of her; it was you who made me take her money because you'd give me none that was lawfully my own; it was you that made me run away in a way that wouldn't seem very nice if any one knew, and do things they wouldn't think very nice, and—and" (she was incoherent in her passion) "you *made* me run out in the woods alone, till I could get a train, and I was so frightened of you coming, and finding me, and *telling*, that I had to give another name; and *now*, when I'm getting on in the world, I have to keep hiding all this at every turn because people wouldn't think it was very pretty conduct. They'd think it was queer, and get up a grand talk. So I've told lies and changed my name, and it's you that made me, Mr. Bates."

He only took in a small part of the meaning of the words she poured upon him so quickly, but he could no longer be oblivious to her rage. His joy in seeing her did not subside; he was panting for breath with the excitement of it, and his eyes gloated upon her; for his delight in her life and safety was something wholly apart from any thought of himself, from the pain her renewed anger must now add to the long-accustomed pain of his own contrition.

"But how," he whispered, wondering, "how did you get over the hills? How—?"

"Just how and when I could. 'Twasn't much choice that you left me, Mr. Bates. Signifies very little now how I got here. I *am* here. You've come after the old man that's dead, I suppose. You might have saved yourself the trouble. He isn't father, if *that's* what you thought."

He did not even hear the last part of her speech. He grasped at the breath that seemed trying to elude him.

"You went out into the woods alone," he said, pityingly. He was so accustomed to give her pity for this that it came easily. "You—you mean over our hills to the back of the——"

"No, I don't. I wasn't such a silly as to go and die in the hills. I got across the lake, and I'm here now—that's the main thing, and I want to know why you're here and what you're going to do."

Her tone was brutal. It was, though he could not know it, the half hysterical reaction from that mysterious burst of feeling that had made her defend him so fiercely against the American's evil imputation.

She was not sufficiently accustomed to ill health to have a quick eye for it; but she began now to see how very ill he looked. The hair upon his face and head was damp and matted; his face was sunken, weather-browned, but bloodless in the colouring. His body seemed struggling for breath without aid from his will, for she saw he was thinking only of her. His intense preoccupation in her half fascinated, half discomfited her, the more so because of the feverish lustre of his eye.

"I'm sorry you're so ill, Mr. Bates," she said, coldly; "you'd better lie down."

"Never mind about me," he whispered eagerly, and feebly moved upon the seat to get a little nearer her. "Never mind about me; but tell me, Sissy, have you been a good girl since you got off like this? You're safe and well—have you been good?"

"I took your aunt's money, if you mean that; but I left you my half of things for it; and anyway, it was you who made me do it."

"Yes, yes," he assented, 'twas my doing; the sin of all you did then lies at my door. But since then, Sissy?" His look, his whole attitude, were an eager question, but she looked at him scornfully.

"Of course I've been good. I go to church and say my prayers, and every one respects me. I worked first in a family, but I didn't let them call me a servant. Then I got a place in the Grand Hotel. Old Mr. Hutchins had got lame, so he couldn't see after things, and I could. I've done it now for six months, and it's a different house. I always do everything I do well, and I make the servants do their duty, so we've made money this summer. I'm thinking of making Mr. Hutchins take me into partnership; he'd rather do it than lose me. I'm well thought of, Mr. Bates, by everybody, and I'm going to get rich."

"Rich," he echoed quietly. He looked now, his mind drawn by hers, at her fine clothes, and at the luxuriant red hair that was arranged with artificial display. The painfulness of his breath and his weakness returned now within his range of feeling.

Without having expected to absorb his mind, or knowing that she cared for such absorption, she

still felt that instant that something was lost to her. The whole stream of his life, that had been hers since she entered the room, was no longer all for her. She pressed on quickly to the business she had with him, fearing to lose a further chance.

"Look here, Mr. Bates! It's not more than a few hours since I heard you were here, so I've come to tell you that I'm alive and all right, and that all I've done that wasn't very nice was your fault. But, look here, I've something else to say: I don't know why you've come here to see this old preacher, or who he is, or what you have to do with him; but it would be cruel and mean of you now, after driving me to do what I did, to tell the people here about it, and that my name isn't White, you know. I've very nice friends here, who'd be shocked, and it would do me harm. I'm not going to accuse you to people of what you've done. I'm sorry you're ill, and that you've had all the trouble of hunting for me, and all that; but I've come to ask you now to keep quiet and not say who I am."

He drew great sighs, as a wounded animal draws its breath, but he was not noticing the physical pain of breathing. He did not catch at breath as eagerly as he was trying to catch at this new idea, this new Sissy, with a character and history so different from what he had supposed. His was not a mind that took rational account of the differences between characters, yet he began to realise now that the girl who had made her own way, as this one had, was not the same as the girl he had imagined wandering helplessly among pathless hills, and dying feebly there.

She still looked at him as if demanding an answer to her request, looked at him curiously too, trying to estimate how ill he *was*. He did not speak, and she, although she did not at all fathom his feeling, knew instinctively that some influence she had had over him was lessened.

"Of course you can spoil my life, if you like, Mr. Bates; but I've come to ask you not. Someone's told me there's a mine found on our clearin'—well, when I took your aunt's gold pieces I meant to leave you the land for them. I'm too proud to go back on that now, *far* too proud; you can keep the money if you want to, or you can give me some of it if you *want* to. I'd like to be rich better than anything, but I'd rather be poor as a church mouse and free to get on my own way than have you to say what I ought to do every touch and turn, thinking I'd only be good and sensible so long as I did what you told me" (there was derision in her voice). "But now, as I say, you have the chance to make me miserable if you choose; but I've come to ask you not to, although, if you do, I dare say I can live it down."

He looked at her bewildered. A few moments since and all the joy bells of his life had been achime; they were still ringing, but jangling confusedly out of tune, and—now she was asking him to conceal the cause of his joy, that he had found her. He could not understand fully; his mind would not clear itself.

"I won't do anything to make you miserable, Sissy," he said faintly.

"You won't tell that you've seen me, or who I

am, or—anything?" she insisted, half pleading, half threatening.

He turned his face from her to hide the ghastly faintness that was coming over him. "I—I oughtn't to have tried to keep you, when I did," he said.

"No, you oughtn't to," she assented, quickly.

"And I won't speak of you now, if that's what you want."

"Thank you," she said, wondering what had made him turn his back to her. "You aren't very ill, are you, Mr. Bates? you've only got asthma, have you?"

"No—you—I only can't get my breath. You'd better go, perhaps."

"Yes, I think I had," she replied.

And she went.

STORY OF THE "EIGHTEENTH ROYAL IRISH."

AT the time that King Charles II was replacing the disbanded army of the Commonwealth with newly-formed regiments, Ireland was held by a force consisting of one regiment of Foot Guards called "The Royal Regiment of Ireland," with about twenty independent troops of horse, and eighty companies of pikemen and musketeers.

These scattered levies remained unaltered till towards the close of the King's reign, when they were embodied into three regiments of cavalry and seven of infantry.

The command of one of these latter corps was given to the Earl of Granard.

How it alone survived, and ultimately became the 18th Royal Irish Regiment of Foot, and how at a later date it met and defeated on a foreign battlefield the apostate regiment of Foot Guards to which first belonged the title, will form the subject of the succeeding narrative.

In February 1685, the King died, and in June following the Duke of Monmouth raised the standard of rebellion against James II.

The Earl of Granard's was the only Irish regiment ordered to proceed to England to assist in quelling the revolt; but as it had not got beyond Chester when the victory at Sedgemoor closed the struggle, it was again sent back to duty in Ireland. Nevertheless this service as part of a royal army in England should have held good in the claim for precedence subsequently raised on its behalf.

At this time the office of remodelling the Irish forces was entrusted to Colonel Talbot, the future Earl of Tyrconnel, who with that view dismissed the greater part of the Protestant officers and replaced them with those of his own religion.

Not, however, satisfied with the result, the Earl of Tyrconnel, a year later, when inspecting the troops on the Curragh of Kildare, inquired into the antecedents of every man on parade, and discharged many because they were the descendants of men who had served under Oliver Cromwell.

The ranks were accordingly filled with men of the Roman Catholic religion, a few Protestants only being retained to discipline the recruits.

In the meantime the Earl of Granard had in disgust resigned the command; but his son, Lord

Forbes, who succeeded him, so managed, by protest and resistance, that when the reorganisation was completed there were more Protestants in his regiment than in any other Irish corps.

The landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay was the occasion of the regiment being again transferred to England, and its colonel was not long in tendering his allegiance to the new sovereign.

Now came the order that all Roman Catholic officers and men should be disbanded, and the Protestants alone retained with the colours, religious questions being at this time inextricably confused with political objects.

In consequence of this the strength of the regiment was at once reduced from seven hundred to two hundred, and an event happened which might, but for the tact of the temporary commanding officer, have led to very serious results.

A few days later the inhabitants of the district round Colnbrook, where the regiment was quartered, hearing a report that the Irish soldiers were committing murder and pillage in the villages of the south of England, and knowing that Lord Forbes' corps was of that nationality, came together in large numbers for the purpose of setting upon them before they too could perpetrate similar atrocities.

Sir John Edgeworth, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, paraded his men in the court of Lord Oslington's house, and warned the mob against attacking them. At the same time, perceiving a man of some respectability among the crowd, he conceived the happy thought of requesting him to fetch the nearest clergyman. This done, he desired that prayers should be read—So well and so exactly were the responses of the Liturgy repeated, that the minister had no hesitation in assuring the mob that he had never heard the responses of the Church of England answered with greater devotion; upon which a "Huzza!" was given and the cry raised, "Long live the Prince of Orange!"

Thus passed off in good-fellowship what might have been a grave disturbance.

Subsequently the Roman Catholic soldiers were sent as prisoners to the Isle of Wight, and finally transferred to the service of the Emperor of Germany.

Under the command of the Earl of Meath, the regiment fought at the battle of the Boyne, and after various minor actions was present at the siege of Limerick, where the Irish made to the last so brave a stand that they were permitted to "march out with their arms, baggage, drums beating, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, and colours flying."

On the surrender of this stronghold and consequent collapse of resistance, the option was given to all Irish regiments either to follow King James to France or to remain in their own country.

Of this the then Royal Regiment of Ireland was the first to take advantage, and was at once taken into the service of Louis XIV of France. Of the rest, some emigrated, while others dispersed; and in the end the only one of the eleven Irish corps embodied by Charles II which remained in the service of England was the Earl of Meath's regiment, the present 18th Royal Irish.

During the summer of 1694, when the regiment (now Colonel Hamilton's) formed part of the army in Flanders, a question arose as to the precedence of the various regiments.

The subject was submitted by command of King William to a board of general officers. Most of these happened to be colonels of regiments raised in England by James II. They accordingly recommended that English regiments should take rank from their dates of their formation, but that Scots and Irish regiments should take rank from the dates of their being placed on the English establishment. The King, though disappointed, had no alternative but to confirm their finding. Thus Colonel Hamilton's regiment, though formed by Charles II, was fixed as 18th in the British line, instead of, as it claimed to be, the 5th.

Scarcely, however, had a year gone by when an opportunity offered of winning a title more to be prized than any which a board of general officers could bestow.

On the 11th of August, 1695, the town of Namur surrendered to the Confederates, but as its almost impregnable castle still held out, the 20th of that month was fixed for a general assault. Ten thousand men were told off into four columns of attack, and the 18th formed part of the British storming party.

A little before midday the assault was delivered, but owing to some error in the signal the advances were not simultaneous. Accordingly, when the 18th reached the scene of conflict they found that the Grenadiers had been overpowered and forced to retire. The regiment, however, rushed forward without a moment's hesitation, and stormed the breach with such impetuosity that they carried the works and planted the regimental colours on the summit, but only to find themselves opposed by a hitherto unseen defence, which it was impossible to force. They were consequently obliged to retreat with severe loss. From the rising ground behind Salsine Abbey the King's eye had marked the regiment's splendid charge, and he soon learned that it had done all that it was possible to achieve. To show a soldier's appreciation of soldiers' deeds, he, in memory of the day, conferred

upon the 18th the title of the "Royal Regiment of Foot of Ireland," replaced the cross of St. Patrick upon the colours with the Lion of Nassau (his own arms), and while surmounting the harp with a royal crown, directed that beneath should be inscribed the motto, "Virtutis Namurcensis premium." Thus the regiment was no longer dependent on a number to distinguish it from its fellows.

The subsequent surrender of the garrison terminated the campaign, and this allowed the regiment to revisit Ireland for a short period. Soon, however, it found itself again on the Continent, forming part of the army under the Duke of Marlborough, and at the conclusion of a series of strategic movements was detached, with several other corps, to undertake the siege of Venloo.

Here happened a strange adventure which, like the famous Balaclava Charge, arose out of a very rash command. On the opposite side of the River Maese was a detached fortification of five bastions, called St. Michael, against which the British operated. The approaches being carried to the foot of the glacis, orders were given to storm the covered way and make a lodgment on the top of the glacis; but to these Lord Cutts in his final directions to the 18th added, that if the enemy gave way easily, they were to jump into the covered way and pursue them, let the consequence be what it might. Though feeling how reckless such orders were, the regiment dashed boldly forward, and, seeing the enemy waver, jumped into the covered way, pursued the defenders through a ravelin and over a rickety bridge which crossed the moat, climbed the rampart by means of the long grass, while they pulled out the palisades which pointed down from the parapet, and, surmounting the top, saw the surprised and panic-stricken garrison flying down to the parade in the body of the fort, where they laid down their arms and cried for quarter. Thus were the unaccountable orders of Lord Cutts as unaccountably executed, to the astonishment of the whole army, and this exploit led to the surrender of the main fortress in an unexpected way.

Very shortly afterwards a despatch arrived telling of the capture of Landau, whereupon the Prince of Nassau gave instructions that the whole army should approach the town and fire a *feu de joie*. The inmates believing from the movement that an assault, such as had been made against the outlying fort, was meditated, prevailed upon the governor to capitulate, and Venloo surrendered to what was but the celebration of a distant victory.

Many and various were the sieges and actions in which the regiment shared during the years 1703 and 1704. Subsequently it helped to win the fields of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and others, till on the 11th of September, 1709, it played a strange part in the fight at Malplaquet.

Having been left behind to level the approaches at Tournay, the regiment did not arrive till the line of battle had been formed, and was accordingly ordered to draw up on the right of the army, facing a skirt of the wood of Sart.

When the advance commenced it entered the belt of wood in its front, and, passing through, emerged upon a small plain. On the opposite side of this stood a battalion of the enemy, prepared to engage it. Re-forming as quickly as possible, the 18th pushed forward till within a hundred paces, when they received a volley from their opponents. This they returned, and again pressed onward, till they drew the fire of the second rank, which they again very deliberately answered. Upon this followed a scattered discharge from the enemy's third rank, and a general stampede into the cover of a wood which stood behind them.

The regiment delivered a last fire upon the flying foe, and rushed on, but only to find, among the dead and dying, men of their own nation, and to learn that they had met and fought and defeated their "brother Harpers," who, once the "Royal Regiment of Ireland," had on the surrender of Limerick eighteen years before, carried the cross of St. Patrick and the harp of Erin into the service of the King of France.

During the three years which elapsed between the date of this important battle and the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1712, the 18th shared the fortunes of war in many localities, at one time easily winning brilliant victories, at another struggling determinedly against odds and obstacles; as when at the siege of Aire they were so hard pressed for food that they could scarcely have existed had they not discovered hoards of corn laid up by field mice, in some places as much as four feet underground, and been thus enabled to hold on till the garrison surrendered.

In the next year, when the subject of regimental precedence was again under consideration, Colonel Stearne, feeling that the corps had won for itself a high reputation in the war, tried to secure its numerical position of 5th, according to the date of its formation, but was not successful.

On the breaking out of the rebellion of the Earl of Mar in 1715, the 18th was brought from Ghent to England, and after but two years of home service were sent for twenty years to the island of Minorca. In 1745 they were again in Flanders, but returned in the following year in consequence of the rebellion in Scotland, only, however, in time to reach Leith when the guns at Edinburgh Castle were announcing the victory at Culloden.

To this succeeded a period of twenty years of home service, at the termination of which the regiment proceeded to North America.

Seven more years had passed in the pleasant duties of peace, when, on the ill-starred 18th of April, General Gage, commandant of the Boston garrison, of which the Royal Irish formed part, resolved upon sending an armed force to destroy the military stores which the Americans had collected at Concord. By some means Dr. Warren, of Boston, became aware of this intention, and when the sun went down he showed a signal light in the steeple of the Old North Church. A few moments more and the fleetest horse in Charlestown bore his rider from its suburbs out into the

night to rouse through the district the minute-men by the cry, "The regulars are coming!" When on the following morning at five o'clock the troops marched into the village of Lexington they found a line of minute-men drawn up across the way. An order to disperse, a volley to enforce it, a few villagers fell to rise no more, but those ill-fated shots had halved the British Empire.

Concord was reached and the stores destroyed, but now twenty miles of an enemy's country lay between Boston and the British. Through every mile their retreat was harassed, and when the 18th and their comrades regained their quarters nearly three hundred men were missing from the ranks.

From that day for five-and-twenty years misfortune dogged the footsteps of the corps.

Eleven months were spent in an inglorious defence of Boston, which ended on the next St. Patrick's Day by the evacuation of the place and the embarkation of the whole garrison for Nova Scotia.

In 1793 the regiment was stationed at Gibraltar, and, when the French Royalists delivered up Toulon to the English, it was directed to proceed thither to aid in the defence of the town.

Commanding the artillery of the besiegers was the young Napoleon, who here fired his first gun against British troops, and with such effect that within a month the defenders embarked on board the fleet and abandoned the city.

A few days later a descent was made upon the island of Corsica, and in about six months all the defences were in the hands of the English.

During the two succeeding years the Royal Irish remained in possession; but at the end of that time the sympathies of the Corsicans had so far reverted to the victorious Napoleon that it was deemed expedient to withdraw the British troops, and the 18th proceeded to Elba. From this they were despatched to the coast of Italy, and captured the town of Campiglia, but only to relinquish it almost immediately to a superior French force, and to return to Elba. Again, in 1800, they formed part of the expeditionary force directed against Cadiz, and had actually entered the boats to effect a landing, when, owing to the presence of a raging pestilence on shore, they were once more foiled.

But now a turn in the tide of misfortune was near, and they were about to enter that land where their successes were to be brilliant and permanent, and where, more than three-quarters of a century later, they were, by a strange recurrence of events, to be again conspicuous for valour on the field of battle.

In 1801 they joined the armament under Sir Ralph Abercrombie for the expulsion of the French from Egypt, and served in all the principal battles till that object was attained.

In 1802 they returned to Ireland, but proceeding from thence to Jamaica in 1805 were absent from the great Peninsular campaign, and were thus deprived of those distinctions which resulted therefrom.

Two generations of soldiers passed through the regiment before another shot was fired.

In 1839 the trade in opium from India to China led to angry discussions between the English authorities and the Chinese Government. Profit to the British and demoralisation to the Chinese were the results of the traffic.

The subject was dragged on with tedious officialism, till at length a new Viceroy of Canton, named Lin, taking the law into his own hands, threw the English representative and English merchants into prison and seized their property.

An expeditionary force was sent out in order to reassert the authority of England, and arrived in 1842. The 18th, with some marines, were the first to land. The campaign that followed was easy and devoid of danger. At the taking of Chinhoe the English lost nineteen, but killed two thousand Chinamen; and, with a like proportion of casualties, the war was carried on till 1842.

When it ended, England was richer by

£5,000,000, had added to her dominions the island of Hong Kong, and obtained the right to trade in several Chinese ports.

Ten years later found the regiment in the trenches before Sebastopol, facing a sterner foe.

In New Zealand, and more recently in Afghanistan, they equally upheld the credit of the corps, but it was in Egypt that they were again destined to achieve special distinction. It was at Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt that they were conspicuous in the assault.

When all was over there flashed to England a message, "All went at them straight. The Royal Irish Regiment particularly distinguished itself by its dash and the manner in which it closed with the enemy."

Thus had the Royal Irish Regiment won from a warrior king his arms and a motto, and from the most distinguished English general, nearly two centuries later, the highest praise upon the battlefield.

A.

ITALY IN THE POPE'S JUBILEE YEAR.

WHILE thousands of devout pilgrims flocked to Rome from all lands to witness the Pope's Jubilee celebrations, and other thousands of royalty-hunters crowded to the King of Italy's "Silver Wedding," two English ladies (one of them a popular contributor to the "Leisure Hour") found the mob of sightseers a nuisance rather than an attraction, as the following extract from a letter shows:

"We had forgotten," she wrote on April 27, "all about the Pope's Jubilee, and the consequent pilgrimages, and we arrived in the thick of them. However, we made the best of it: attended one of the audiences at the Vatican; had the advantage of the Pope's special blessing, and the pleasure of kissing his hand. He gives your own a friendly squeeze in return. He looks bright and kind, but very frail. He was dressed in white, with a sort of Tam-o'-Shanter on his head and mittens on his hands. He was carried away in a white chair, by servants in crimson velvet, and preceded by his cardinals and the gentlemen of his household, and surrounded by his Swiss Guard, making a brave show.

"Well, this was all very nice, but the pilgrims got in our way terribly; so at the end of a fortnight we fled to Naples—*bella Napoli*—where, instead of the fourteen days we promised ourselves, we remained five weeks. Ten days out of this were spent at Capri and in the Bay of Salerno. At Capri we had a week of real Italian *dolce far niente*, and then chartered a small steamboat and went to Amalfi—one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen.

"At Amalfi, as at Capri, we were pursued by the Crown Princess of Sweden. She dined with us, and dearly we paid for the honour, since as she and her suite were served first, the dinner seemed interminable, and very cold when it reached us of lesser degree. The hotel there is the 'Cappuccini,' an old monastery. My room had been a monk's cell, and looked out on the lovely old cloisters. He must have been a small monk, for I could only just turn round in it. I hope he slept as well as I did.

"The drive from Amalfi to Salerno is a thing to be remembered; the road is cut in the side of the mountain, and skirts the magnificent bay. Before you lies Salerno, shadowed by the Apennines, and farther south glisten the snowy peaks of Calabria. We went as far south as Paestum to see the fine ruins of the Greek temples, and then came back to Naples. Spent two separate days at Pompeii—you may imagine how fascinating it was to ramble at leisure through the 'dead city.' There is nothing new under the sun, not even economic kitcheners nor safety-pins—these are to be seen in the Museum at Naples almost as fresh as when they were in daily use two thousand years ago.

"Of course we ascended Vesuvius. It is a tedious journey from Naples—four hours' drive, then ten minutes in the *funicolare*, and another ten minutes' walk to the crater. After this we went to a place where the fresh lava was flowing—well worth the trouble, though really it was *not* all bliss scrambling over the loose stones and ashes, which came above the tops of our boots.

"When we came back to Rome the pilgrims were certainly less to the fore, but the 'Silver Wedding' was looming in the distance, and, as we feared, we have been again severely handicapped in our attempts to revel in Rome proper. It sounds disrespectful to say such a thing of the Eternal City, but really the past week Rome has been 'as mad as a hatter.' The convenient little carriages have disappeared, the trams and omnibuses have stopped running, the streets have swarmed with soldiers and sightseers.

"One evening we drove, or rather crawled, in the Borghese Gardens, and saw all the grandees, including the German Emperor and Empress. We have had several opportunities of meeting them, and this morning had a good view of the departure for Naples, as the windows of the Continental overlook the station. To-morrow we go to Florence, for we have yet to 'do' Florence and Venice. It is provoking to leave Rome just when things will be quieter, but it is getting rather too warm to be pleasant. We hope, as the Queen left Florence yesterday, that we shall there be undisturbed by royalties."

AMONG THE TIBETANS.

BY ISABELLA L. BISHOP, F.R.G.S., HON. FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.



FIRST VILLAGE IN KULU.

THE last chapter left me with the chief and elders of the Chang-pas starting on "a round of visits," and it was not till nightfall that the solemn ceremony was concluded. Each of the fifty tents was visited: at every one a huge, savage Tibetan mastiff made an attempt to fly at me, and was pounced upon and held down by a woman little bigger than himself, and in each cheese and milk were offered and refused. In all I received a hearty welcome for the sake of the "great father," Mr. Redslob, who designated these people as "the simplest and kindest people on earth."

This Chang-pa tribe, numbering five hundred souls, makes four moves in the year, dividing in summer, and uniting in a valley very free from snow in the winter. They are an exclusively pastoral people, and possess large herds of yaks and ponies and immense flocks of sheep and goats, the latter almost entirely the beautiful "shawl goat," from the undergrowth at the base of the long hair of which the fine Kashmir shawls are made. This *pashm* is a provision which nature makes against the intense cold of these altitudes, and grows on yaks, sheep, and dogs, as well as on most of the wild animals. The sheep is the big, hornless, flop-

eared *huniya*. The yaks and sheep are the load carriers of Rupchu. Small or easily divided merchandise is carried by sheep, and bulkier goods by yaks, and the Chang-pas make a great deal of money by carrying for the Lahul, Central Ladak, and Rudok merchants, their sheep travelling as far as Gar in Chinese Tibet. They are paid in grain as well as coin, their own country producing no farinaceous food. They have only two uses for silver money. With part of their gains they pay the tribute to Kashmir, and they melt the rest, and work it into rude personal ornaments. According to an old arrangement between Lhasa and Leh they carry brick-tea free for the Lhasa merchants. They are Buddhists, and practise polyandry, but their young men do not become *lamas*, and owing to the scarcity of fuel, instead of burning their dead, they expose them with religious rites face upwards in desolate places, to be made away with by the birds of the air. All their tents have a god-shelf, on which are placed small images and sacred emblems. They dress as the Ladakis, except that the men wear shoes with very high turned-up points, and that the women, in addition to the *p-rak*, the usual ornament, place on the top of the head a large

silver coronet with three tassels. In physiognomy they resemble the Ladakis, but the Mongolian type is purer, the eyes are more oblique, and the eyelids have a greater droop, the chins project more, and the mouths are handsomer. Many of the men, including the headman, were quite good-looking, but the upper lips of the women were apt to be "tucked up," displaying very square teeth, as we have shown in the preceding chapter.

The roofs of the Tsala tents are nearly flat, and the middle has an opening six inches wide along its whole length. An excavation from twelve to twenty-four inches deep is made in the soil, and a rude wall of stones, about one foot high, is built round it, over which the tent cloth, made in narrow widths of yak's or goat's hair, is extended by ropes led over forked sticks. There is no ridge pole, and the centre is supported on short poles, to the projecting tops of which prayer flags and yaks' tails are attached. The interior, though dark, is not too dark for weaving, and each tent has its loom, for the Chang-pas not only weave their coarse woollen clothing and hair cloth for saddlebags and tents, but rugs of wool dyed in rich colours made from native roots. The largest tent was twenty feet by fifteen, but the majority measured only fourteen feet by eight and ten feet. The height in no case exceeded six feet. In these much ventilated and scarcely warmed shelters these hardy nomads brave the tremendous winds and winter rigours of their climate at altitudes varying from 13,000 to 14,500 feet. Water freezes every night of the year, and continually there are differences in temperature of 100° between noon and midnight. In addition to the fifty dwelling tents there was one considerably larger, in which the people store their wool and goat's hair till the time arrives for taking them to market. The floor of several of the tents was covered with rugs, and besides looms and confused heaps of what looked like rubbish, there were tea-churns, goat-skin churns, sheep and goat skins, children's bows and arrows, cooking pots, and heaps of the furze root which is used as fuel.

They expended much of this scarce commodity upon me in their hospitality, and kept up a bonfire all night. They mounted their wiry ponies and performed feats of horsemanship, in one of which all the animals threw themselves on their hind legs in a circle when a man in the centre clapped his hands; and they crowded my tent to see my sketches, and were not satisfied till I executed some daubs professing to represent some of the elders. The excitement of their first visit from a European woman lasted late into the night, and when they at last retired they persisted in placing a guard of honour round my tent.

In the morning there was ice on the pools, and the snow lay three inches deep. Savage life had returned to its usual monotony, and the care of flocks and herds. In the early afternoon the chief and many of the men accompanied us across the ford, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will. The march was through broad gravelly valleys, among "monstrous protuberances" of red and yellow gravel, elevated by their height alone to the dignity of mountains. Hail came on, and Gyalpo showed his high breeding by facing it when

the other animals "turned tail" and huddled together, and a storm of heavy sleet of some hours' duration burst upon us just as we reached the dismal camping ground of Rukchen, guarded by mountain giants which now and then showed glimpses of their white skirts through the dark driving mists. That was the only "weather" in four months.

A large caravan from the heat and sunshine of Amritsar was there. The goods were stacked under goat's hair shelters, the mules were huddled together without food, and their shivering Panjabi drivers, muffled in blankets which only left one eye exposed, were grubbing up furze roots wherewith to make smoky fires. My baggage, which had arrived previously, was lying soaking in the sleet, while the wretched servants were trying to pitch the tent in the high wind. They had slept out in the snow the night before, and were mentally as well as physically benumbed. Their misery had a comic side to it, and as the temperature made me feel specially well, I enjoyed bestirring myself, and terrified Mando, who was feebly "fadding" with a rag, by giving Gyalpo a vigorous rub-down with a bath-towel. Hassan Khan, with chattering teeth and severe neuralgia, muffled in my "fisherman's hood" under his turban, was trying to do his work with his unflinching pluck. Mando was shedding futile tears over wet furze which would not light, the small wet corrie was dotted over with the Amritsar men sheltering under rocks and nursing hopeless fires, and fifty mules and horses, with dejected heads and dripping tails, and their backs to the merciless wind, were attempting to pick some food from scanty herbage already nibbled to the root. My tent was a picture of grotesque discomfort. The big stones had not been picked out from the gravel, the bed stood in puddles, the thick horse blanket was draining over the one chair, the servant's spare clothing and stores were on the table, the yaks' loads of wet hay and the soaked grain sack filled up most of the space; a wet candle sputtered and went out, wet clothes dripped from the tent hook, and every now and then Hassan Khan looked in with one eye, gasping out, "Mem Sahib, I can no light the fire!" Perseverance succeeds eventually, and cups of a strong stimulant made of Burroughes and Wellcome's vigorous "valoid" tincture of ginger and hot water, revived the men all round. Such was its good but innocent effect, that early the next morning Hassan came into my tent with two eyes, and convulsed with laughter. "The pony men" and Mando, he said, were crying, and the coolie from Leh, who before the storm had wanted to go the whole way to Simla, after refusing his supper had sobbed all night under the "flies" of my tent, while I was sleeping soundly. Afterwards I harangued them, and told them I would let them go, and help them back; I could not take such poor-spirited miserable creatures with me, and I would keep the Tartars who had accompanied me from Tsala. On this they protested, and said, with a significant gesture, I might cut their throats if they cried any more, and begged me to try them again; and as we had no more bad weather, there was no more trouble.

The marches which followed were along valleys,

plains, and mountain-sides of gravel, destitute of herbage, except a shrivelled artemisia, and on one occasion the baggage animals were forty hours without food. Fresh water was usually very scarce, and on the Lingti plains was only obtainable by scooping it up from the holes left by the feet of animals. Insect life was rare, and except grey doves, the "dove of the valleys," which often flew before us for miles down the ravines, no birds were to be seen. On the other hand, there were numerous herds of *Kyang*, which in the early mornings came to drink of the water by which the camps were pitched. By looking through a crevice of my tent I saw them distinctly, without alarming them. In one herd I counted forty. They kept together in families, sire, dam, and foal. The

great interest of its own, sheep caravans, numbering among them 7,000 sheep, each animal with its wool on, and equipped with a neat packsaddle and two leather or hair-cloth bags, and loaded with from twenty-five to thirty-two pounds of salt or borax. These, and many more which we passed, were carrying their loads to Patseo, a mountain valley in Lahul, where they are met by traders from Northern British India. The sheep are shorn, and the wool and loads are exchanged for wheat and a few other commodities, with which they return to Tibet, the whole journey taking from nine months to a year. As the sheep live by grazing the scanty herbage on the march, they never accomplish more than ten miles a day, and as they often become footsore, halts of several



LAHUL VALLEY.

animal certainly is under fourteen hands, and resembles a mule rather than a horse or ass. The noise, which I had several opportunities of hearing, is more like a neigh than a bray, but lacks completeness. The creature is light brown, almost fawn colour, fading into white under his body, and he has a dark stripe on his back, but not a cross. His ears are long, and his tail is like that of a mule. He trots and gallops, and when alarmed gallops fast, but as he is not worth hunting, he has not a great dread of humanity, and families of *Kyang* frequently grazed within two hundred and fifty yards of us. He is about as untameable as the zebra, and with his family affectionateness leads apparently a very happy life.

On the Kwangchu plateau, at an elevation of 15,000 feet, I met with a form of life which has a

days are frequently required. Sheep, dead or dying, with the birds of prey picking out their eyes, were often met with. Ordinarily these caravans are led by a man, followed by a large goat much bedecked and wearing a large bell. Each driver has charge of one hundred sheep. These men, of small stature but very thickset, with their wide smooth faces, loose clothing of sheepskin with the wool outside, with their long coarse hair flying in the wind, and their uncouth shouts in a barbarous tongue, are much like savages. They sing wild chants as they picket their sheep in long double lines at night, and with their savage mastiffs sleep unsheltered under the frosty skies under the lee of their piled-up saddle-bags. On three nights I camped beside their caravans, and walked round their orderly lines of sheep and their neat walls of

saddle-bags ; and, far from showing any discourtesy or rude curiosity, they held down their fierce dogs and exhibited their ingenious mode of tethering their animals, and not one of the many articles which my servants were in the habit of leaving outside the tents was on any occasion abstracted. The dogs, however, were less honest than their masters, and on one night ran away with half a sheep, and I should have fared poorly had not Mr. — shot some grey doves.

Marches across sandy and gravelly valleys, and along arid mountain-sides spotted with a creeping furze and cushions of a yellow green moss which seems able to exist without moisture, fords of the Sumgyal and Tserap rivers, and the crossing of the Lachalang Pass at an altitude of 17,500 feet in severe frost, occupied several uneventful days. Of the three lofty Passes on this route, the Toglang, which is higher, and the Baralacha, which is lower, are featureless billows of gravel, over which a carriage might easily be driven. Not so is the Lachalang, though its well-made zigzags are easy for laden animals. The approach to it is fantastic, among precipitous mountains of red sandstone, and red rocks weathered into pillars, men's heads, and numerous groups of gossipy old women from thirty to fifty feet high, in flat hats and long circular cloaks ! Entering by red gates of rock into a region of gigantic mountains, and following up a crystal torrent, the valley narrowing to a gorge, and the gorge to a chasm guarded by nearly perpendicular needles of rock flaming in the westerling sun, we forded the river at the chasm's throat, and camped on a velvety green lawn just large enough for a few tents, absolutely walled in by abrupt mountains 18,000 and 19,000 feet in height. Long after the twilight settled down on us, the pinnacles above glowed in warm sunshine, and the following morning, when it was only dawn below, and the still river pools were frozen and the grass was white with hoar frost, the morning sun reddened the snow peaks and kindled into vermilion the red needles of Lachalang. That camping ground under such conditions is the grandest and most romantic spot of the whole journey.

Verdureless and waterless stretches, in crossing which our poor animals were two nights without food, brought us to the glacier-blue waters of the Serchu, tumbling along in a deep broad gash, and farther on to a lateral torrent which is the boundary between Rupchu, tributary to Kashmir, and Lahul or British Tibet, under the rule of the Empress of India. The tents were ready pitched in a grassy hollow by the river ; horses, cows, and goats were grazing near them, and a number of men were preparing food. A Tibetan approached me, accompanied by a creature in a nondescript dress speaking Hindustani volubly. On a band across his breast were the British crown, and a plate with the words "Commissioner's *chaprassie*, Kulu district." I never felt so extinguished. Liberty seemed lost, and the romance of the desert to have died out in one moment ! At the camping ground I found rows of salaaming Lahulis drawn up, and Hassan Khan in a state which was a compound of pomposity and jubilant excitement. The *tahsildar* (really the Tibetan honorary magistrate), he said,

had received instructions from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjāb that I was on the way to Kylang, and was to "want for nothing." So twenty-four men, nine horses, a flock of goats, and two cows had been waiting for me for three days in the Serchu valley. I wrote a polite note to the magistrate, and sent all back except the *chaprassie*, the cows, and the cowherd, my servants looking much crestfallen.

We crossed the Baralacha Pass in wind and snow showers into a climate in which moisture began to be obvious. At short distances along the Pass, which extends for many miles, there are rude semi-circular walls, three feet high, all turned in one direction, in the shelter of which travellers crouch to escape from the strong cutting wind. My men suffered far more than on the two higher Passes, and it was difficult to dislodge them from these shelters, where they lay groaning, gasping, and suffering from vertigo and nose-bleeding. The cold was so severe that I walked over the loftiest part of the Pass, and for the first time felt slight effects of the *ladug*. At a height of 15,000 feet, in the midst of general desolation, grew in the shelter of rocks, poppies (*Mecanopsis aculeata*), blue as the Tibetan skies, their centres filled with a cluster of golden-yellow stamens, a most charming sight. Ten or twelve of these exquisite blossoms grow on one stalk, and stalk, leaf, and seed-vessels are guarded by very stiff thorns. Lower down, flowers abounded, and at the camping ground of Patseo (12,000 feet), where the Tibetan sheep caravans exchange their wool, salt, and borax for grain, the ground was covered with soft greensward, and real rain fell. Seen from the Baralacha Pass are vast snowfields, glaciers, and avalanche slopes. This barrier, and the Rotang, farther south, close this trade route practically for seven months of the year, for they catch the monsoon rains, which at that altitude are snows from fifteen to thirty feet deep ; while on the other side of the Baralacha and throughout Rupchu and Ladak the snowfall is insignificant. So late as August, when I crossed, there were four perfect snow bridges over the Bhaga, and snowfields thirty-six feet deep along its margin. At Patseo the *tahsildar*, with a retinue and animals laden with fodder, came to pay his respects to me, and invited me to his house, three days' journey. These were the first human beings we had seen for three days.

A few miles south of the Baralacha Pass some birch trees appeared on a slope, the first natural growth of timber that I had seen since crossing the Zoji La. Lower down there were a few more, then stunted specimens of the pencil cedar, and the mountains began to show a shade of green on their lower slopes. Butterflies appeared also, and a vulture, a grand bird on the wing, hovered ominously over us for some miles, and was succeeded by an equally ominous raven. On the excellent bridle track cut on the face of the precipices which overhang the Bhaga, there is in nine miles only one spot in which it is possible to pitch a five-foot tent, and at Darcha, the first hamlet in Lahul, the only camping-ground is on the house roofs. There the Chang-pas and their yaks and horses, who had served me pleasantly and faithfully

from Tsala, left me, and returned to the freedom of their desert life. At Kolang, the next hamlet, where the thunder of the Bhaga was almost intolerable, Hara Chang, the magistrate, one of the *thakurs* or feudal proprietors of Lahul, with his son and nephew and a large retinue, called on me; and the next morning Mr. — and I went by invitation to visit him in his castle, a magnificently situated building on a rocky spur 1,000 feet above the camping-ground, attained by a difficult climb, and nearly on a level with the glittering glaciers and ice-falls on the other side of the Bhaga. It only differs from Leh and Stok castles in having blue glass in some of the smaller windows. In the family temple, in addition to the usual life-size images of Buddha and the Triad,

nearly unbroken ice and snowfields, out of which rise pinnacles of naked rock 21,000 and 22,000 feet in altitude. The region is the "abode of snow," and glaciers of great size fill up every depression. Humidity, vegetation, and beauty reappear together, wildflowers and ferns abound, and pencil cedars in clumps rise above the artificial plantations of the valley. Wheat ripens at an altitude of 12,000 feet. Picturesque villages, surrounded by orchards, adorn the mountain spurs; *chod-tens* and *gonpos*, with white walls and fluttering flags, brighten the scene; feudal castles crown the heights, and where the mountains are loftiest, the snowfields and glaciers most imposing, and the greenery densest, the village of Kyalang, the most important in Lahul as the centre of trade, govern-



GONPO AT KYLANG.

there was a female divinity, carved at Jallandhur in India, copied from a statue representing Queen Victoria in her younger days—a very fitting possession for the highest government official in Lahul. The *thakur*, Hara Chang, is wealthy and a rigid Buddhist, and uses his very considerable influence against the work of the Moravian missionaries in the valley. The rude path down to the bridle-road, through fields of barley and buckwheat, is bordered by roses, gooseberries, and masses of wildflowers.

The later marches after reaching Darcha are grand beyond all description. The track, scaffolded or blasted out of the rock at a height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the thundering Bhaga, is scarcely a rifle-shot from the mountain mass dividing it from the Chandra, a mass covered with

ment, and Christian missions, hangs on ledges of the mountain-side 1,000 feet above Bhaga, whose furious course can be traced far down the valley by flashes of sunlit foam.

The Lahul valley, which is a part of British Tibet, has an altitude of 10,000 feet. It prospers under British rule, its population has increased, Hindu merchants have settled in Kyalang, the route through Lahul to Central Asia is finding increasing favour with the Panjabi traders, and the Moravian missionaries, by a bolder system of irrigation and the provision of storage for water, have largely increased the quantity of arable land. The Lahulis are chiefly Tibetans, but Hinduism is largely mixed up with Buddhism in the lower villages. All the *gonpos*, however, have been restored and enlarged during the last twenty years.

In winter the snow lies fifteen feet deep, and for four or five months, owing to the perils of the Rotang Pass, the valley rarely has any communication with the outer world.

At the foot of the village of Kylang, which is built in tier above tier of houses up the steep side of a mountain with a height of 21,000 feet, are the Moravian mission buildings, long, low, white-washed erections, of the simplest possible construction, the design and much of the actual erection being the work of these capable Germans. The large building, which has a deep verandah, the only place in which exercise can be taken in the winter, contains the native church, three rooms for each missionary, and two guest-rooms. Round the garden are the printing rooms, the medicine and store room (stores arriving once in two years), and another guest-room. Round an adjacent enclosure are the houses occupied in winter by the Christians when they come down with their sheep and cattle from the hill farms. All is absolutely plain, and as absolutely clean and trim. The guest-rooms and one or two of the Tibetan rooms are papered with engravings from the "Illustrated London News," but the rooms of the missionaries are only whitewashed, and by their extreme bareness reminded me of those of very poor pastors in the Fatherland. A garden, brilliant with zinnias, dianthus, and petunias, all of immense size, and planted with European trees, is an oasis, and in it I camped for some weeks under a willow tree, covered, as many are, with a sweet secretion so abundant as to drop on the roof of the tent, and which the people collect and use as honey.

The mission party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Shreve, lately arrived, and now in a distant exile at Poo, and Mr. and Mrs. Heyde, who have been in Tibet for thirty-five years, chiefly spent at Kylang, without going home. "Plain living and high thinking" were the rule. Books and periodicals were numerous, and were read and assimilated. The culture was simply wonderful, and the acquaintance with the latest ideas in theology and natural science, the latest political and social developments, and the latest conceptions in European art, would have led me to suppose that these admirable people had only just left Europe. Mrs. Heyde had no servant, and in the long winters, when household and mission work are over for the day, and there are no mails to write for, she pursues her tailoring and other needlework, while her husband reads aloud till midnight. At the time of my visit (September) busy preparations for the winter were being made. Every day the wood piles grew. Hay, cut with sickles on the steep hill-sides, was carried on human backs into the farmyard, apples were cored and dried in the sun, cucumbers were pickled, vinegar was made, potatoes were stored, and meat was killed and salted.

It is in winter, when the Christians have come down from the mountain, that most of the mission work is done. Mrs. Heyde has a school of forty girls, mostly Buddhists. The teaching is simple and practical, and includes the knitting of socks, of which from four to five hundred pairs are

turned out each winter, and find a ready sale. The converts meet for instruction and discussion twice daily, and there is daily worship. The mission press is kept actively employed in printing the parts of the Bible which have been translated during the summer, as well as simple tracts written or translated by Mr. Heyde. No converts are better instructed, and like those of Leh they seem of good quality, and are industrious and self-supporting. Winter work is severe, as ponies, cattle, and sheep must always be hand-fed, and often hand-watered. Mr. Heyde has great repute as a doctor, and in summer people travel long distances for his advice and medicine. He is universally respected, and his judgment in worldly affairs is highly thought of; but if one were to judge merely by apparent results, the devoted labour of thirty-seven years and complete self-sacrifice for the good of Kylang must be pronounced unsuccessful. Christianity has been most strongly opposed by men of influence, and converts have been exposed to persecution and loss. The abbot of the Kylang monastery lately said to Mr. Heyde, "your Christian teaching has given Buddhism a resurrection." The actual words used were, "When you came here people were quite indifferent about their religion, but since it has been attacked they have become zealous, and now they *know*." It is only by sharing their circumstances of isolation, and by getting glimpses of their everyday life and work, that one can realise at all what the heroic perseverance and self-sacrificing toil of these thirty-seven years have been, and what is the weighty influence on the people and on the standard of morals, even though the number of converts is so small. All honour to these noble German missionaries, learned, genial, cultured, radiant, who, whether teaching, preaching, farming, gardening, printing, or doctoring, are always and everywhere "living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men!" Close by the mission house, in a green spot under shady trees, is God's Acre, where many children of the mission families sleep, and a few adults.

As the winter is the busiest season in mission work, so it is the great time in which the *lamas* make house-to-house peregrinations and attend at festivals. Then also there is much spinning and weaving by both sexes, and tobogganing and other games, and much drinking of *chang* by priests and people. The cattle remain out till nearly Christmas, and are then taken into the houses. At the time of the variable new year, the *lamas* and nuns retire to the monasteries, and dulness reigns in the valleys. At the end of a month they emerge, life and noise begin, and all men to whom sons have been born during the previous year give *chang* freely. During the festival which follows, all these jubilant fathers go out of the village as a gaudily dressed procession, and form a circle round a picture of a yak, painted by the *lamas*, which is used as a target to be shot at with bows and arrows, and it is believed that the man who hits it in the centre will be blessed with a son in the coming year. After this, all the Kylang men and women collect in one house by annual rotation, and sing and drink immense quantities of *chang* till ten P.M.

The religious festivals begin soon after. One, the worshipping of the *lamas* by the laity, occurs in every village, and lasts from two to three days. It consists chiefly of music and dancing, while the *lamas* sit in rows, swilling *chang* and arrack. At another, which is celebrated annually in every house, the *lamas* assemble, and in front of certain gods, prepare a number of mystical figures made of dough, which are hung up and are worshipped by the family. Afterwards the *lamas* make little balls which are worshipped, and one of the family mounts the roof and invites the neighbours, who receive the balls from the *lamas'* hands and drink moderately of *chang*. Next, the figures are thrown to the demons as a propitiatory offering, amidst "hellish whistlings" and the firing of guns. These ceremonies are called *ise drup* (a full life), and it is believed that if they were neglected life would be cut short.

One of the most important of the winter religious duties of the *lamas* is the reading of the sacred classics under the roof of each householder. By this means the family accumulate merit, and the longer the reading is protracted the greater is the accumulation. A twelve-volume book is taken in the houses of the richer householders, each one of the twelve or fifteen *lamas* taking a page, all

reading at an immense pace in a loud chant at the same time. The reading of these volumes, which consist of Buddhist metaphysics and philosophy, takes five days, and while reading each *lama* has his *chang* cup constantly replenished. In the poorer households a classic of but one volume is taken, to lessen the expense of feeding the *lamas*. Festivals and ceremonies follow each other closely until March, when archery practice begins, and in April and May the people prepare for the operations of husbandry.

The weather in Kylang breaks in the middle of September, but so fascinating were the beauties and sublimity of nature, and the virtues and culture of my Moravian friends, that, shutting my eyes to the possible perils of the Rotang, I remained until the harvest was brought home with joy and revelry, and the flush of autumn faded, and the first snows of winter gave an added majesty to the glorious valley. Then, reluctantly folding my tent, and taking the same faithful fellows who brought my baggage from Leh, I spent five weeks on the descent to the Panjāb, journeying through the paradise of Upper Kulu and the interesting native states of Mandi, Sukket, Bilaspur, and Bhaghat, and early in November reached the amenities and restraints of the civilisation of Simla.

From Barbier's "L'Idole."

O CORSICAN straight-haired,¹ how fair in the Messidor sun
Was France to behold!
Unbitted with steel was the mare, the untameable one,
Unbridled with gold;
Robust in the strength of her croup, e'en yet all as smoke
With kings' blood, she;
Fierce-proud as she struck the old soil with her free-foot
stroke,
The old soil, new-free.
Not a hand, or in outrage or shame, upon her had been
laid
From her natal morn;
On her ample flanks no selle of the stranger had weighed,
Nor his harness been borne.
Untouched by the shears, roaming free, with the pride in
her eyes,
On her haunches she reared,
Flanks a-quiver; the sound of her neighings went up to
the skies,
And the world was afear'd.
Thou camest, and soon as thou sawest her going, wert fain
Of her loins' supple pride,
And headstrong, O centaur, thine hand was enwreathed
in her mane,
And thy spur pricked her side.
How she loved then the uproar of battle, the smoke, and
the sound
Of the drums as they beat!
Thou gav'st her the fight for her sport, the whole earth
for the ground
Of the race of her feet.

Then rest no more, night no more, never to slumber again,
Ever day, ever toil;
And as sand is crushed down, to be crushing the bodies
of men,
Breast-red in their spoil.
Fifteen years with their iron-shod swiftness her hoofs in
their race
Brayed, ground men, indeed;
All afoam o'er the nations dashed down, over breast,
over face,
She rushed at full speed.
Then tired of the going and going, no end to attain,
On a way never done;
And weary of kneading the world and of sweeping off men
Like dust, going on;
And spent, every limb of her; panting, the strength of
her gone,
And ready to fall,—
Grace, grace, O thou Corsican rider! — Nay, wretch, thou
hadst none,
No mercy at all!
But harder and harder didst press with thy sinewy thigh
'Gainst her vehement breath,
And wrenchedst the bit all afoam in her mouth angrily,
And brakest her teeth.—
She uprose. But a battle-day came, and no more could
she take
And champ on her bit;
A-dying she fell; and her fall on the shot-bed brake
Thy loins with it.

E. H. HICKEY.

¹ Napoleon Buonaparte.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AT SEA.

VI. BOARD AND LODGING.



THE DISPENSARY.

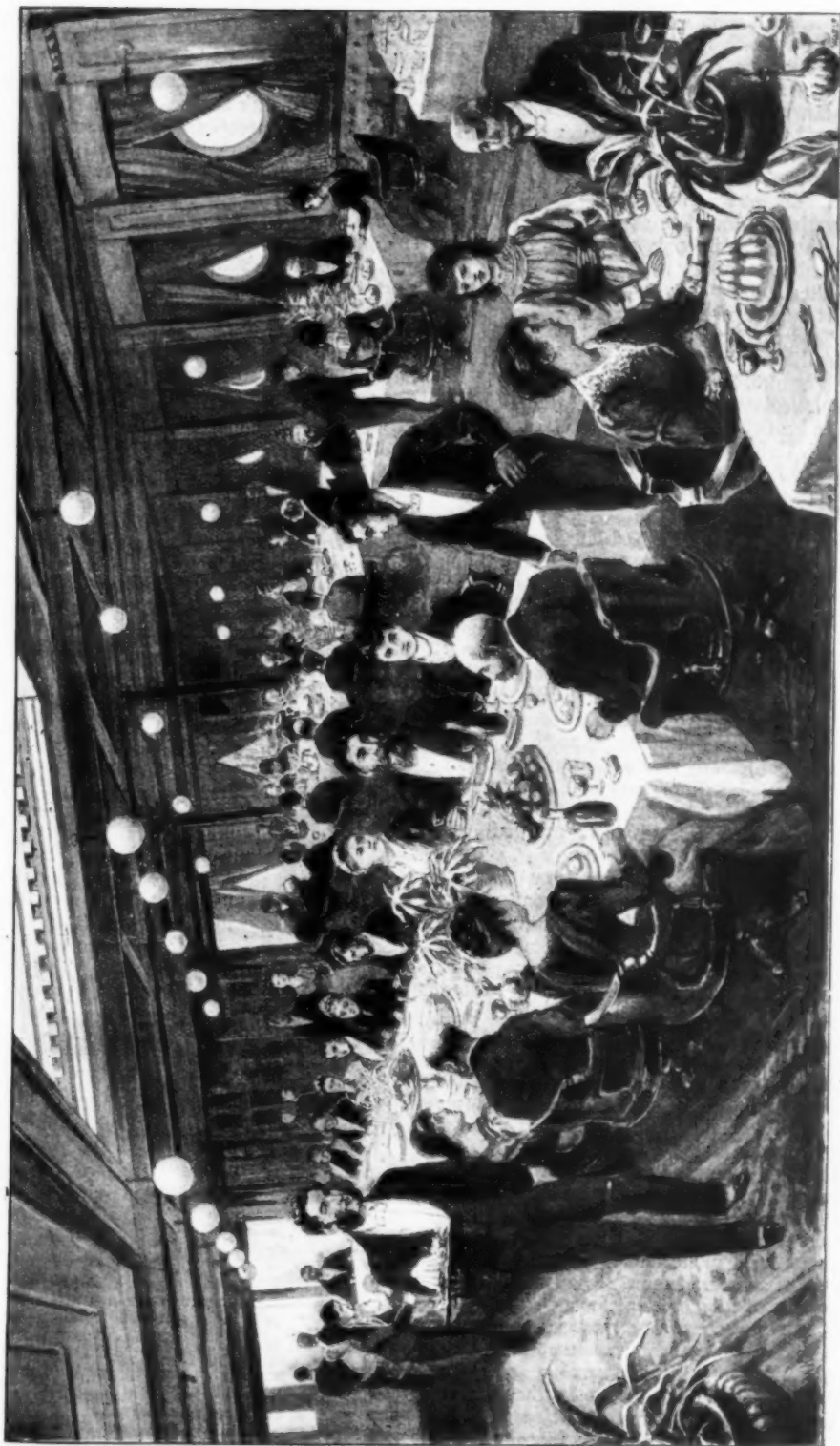
TO the many a steamer is a floating hotel, with a promenade roof and roomy verandahs. Sitting or standing, lounging, loafing; aft, in the shelter, watching the wake; forward, in the wind, on the look-out; lolling on the rail, peering at the horizon—it is to them but an inn of wearisome rest, in which they grow sleepy by contemplation and much food.

Feeding may not be "the only athletic exercise" of the perfect passenger, but it certainly occupies most of his time and thought. He eats early and he eats often; and as he is one of a large number his commissariat statistics range high. When the *Sirius* crossed the Atlantic on that famous first voyage in which her coals gave out and she just managed to steam into New York Harbour with her furnaces fed with spare spars and "forty-three barrels of rosin *ex cargo*," she had seven passengers on board; nowadays a crack Atlantic boat will take fifteen hundred or more every trip across—the big Cunarders will carry two thousand—and to feed fifteen hundred people even for a week is no light undertaking on land; but at sea, where appetite is so much in evidence that some worthy philanthropist—or rather his would-be secretary—has actually proposed to run a marine temperance

society for the encouragement of a more moderate use of eatables and drinkables on shipboard, it is a more serious matter, the difficulty being increased by the impossibility of replenishment during the voyage. On the long journey boats, such as those to India, Australia, and the Cape, the food, like the washing and the coals, can be received at the bye-ports, where the travelling pursers and inspecting *chefs* come off and on to check the quantities and keep up the qualities. But even then the runs from port to port are no shorter on the average than that from the Irish Calf to the New York elephant.

New York is the main gate of America, and into it there go in a year over a hundred thousand cabin passengers, of whom four out of five are Americans returning to a country where it is their boast that they have learnt to make money and live well. Emigrants, third-class and steerage, arrive in crowds, of course; indeed, on one memorable day, in our Jubilee year, nearly ten thousand were taken over by the New York Barge Office; on one occasion one ship, the *Egypt*, took 1,767 across the Atlantic, and even the *Teutonic* has taken a thousand. But these numbers are what may be called seasonal and exceptional, even last year's best on record being 445,000 out of the 579,000 received by the twenty-four United States ports, of which considerably more than half crossed in British ships, though by no means all of them were of British origin. Roughly speaking, three-fifths of our emigrants are English, three-tenths Irish, and the rest Scotch; and of the whole number two-thirds go to the United States, and a tenth to Canada. If we add to these the thousands whom pleasure or work, or the hope of work, takes elsewhere, we shall find that the board and lodging of the world at sea must be an enterprise requiring careful management.

The British emigrant, whether by sailing ship or steamship, is by law entitled every week to three and a half pounds of bread, or biscuit not inferior to navy biscuit, to a pound of flour, a pound and a half each of oatmeal and peas, a pound and a quarter of beef, a pound of pork, two pounds of potatoes, two ounces of tea, a pound of sugar, half an ounce of mustard, a quarter of an ounce of ground black pepper, two ounces of salt, and a gill of vinegar. In practice he gets very much more. As a rule he is presumed—by the shipowners—to be exceptionally fond of Irish stew for breakfast, with hash by way of a change: for dinner he gets boiled meat or fish with a first course of soup, and on Sundays he has roast beef and plum duff; for tea he has the usual plain things; for supper oat-



DINNER-TIME IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

meal in various forms, from thickish porridge to decidedly meagre skilly. On the Cape boats he may have pastry with his dinner and cold meat and pickles with his tea. On the New Zealand boats his Irish stew for breakfast is not only varied with hash but with curry and rice; for dinner he has roast meat twice a week, salt meat three times a week, preserved meat twice a week, plum pudding twice a week. On other boats his bill of fare is varied in a different way, but in all his Irish stew for breakfast is as inevitable as his coffee or tea, and in all the policy is to keep him pleasant by giving him abundance to eat. He breakfasts at eight, he dines at noon, he has his tea at five or six, and his supper, if he has any, at eight. His food is cooked for him, but, as a rule, he has to find, or hire, his own plates and sundries, just as he has to find, or hire, his own bedding.

An "intermediate" passenger has a wider choice. He also can breakfast on Irish stew, but only once a week will it be his only resource, and as variants he has beefsteak and onions, stewed steak, broiled ham and bacon and fish, and minced collops and other familiar things; his dinner is off a roast or boiled joint, with soup and a hash, or curry or pie, and a pudding; his tea is a meat one, and his supper is of oatmeal and biscuits and cheese. He breakfasts at eight, he dines at one, and his table is laid for him complete as if he were in a restaurant.

Intermediate is to second-class what apprentice is to midshipman, being the same thing, with perhaps a trifle more refinement. And as a second-class passenger he may fare a little better as far as range is concerned, particularly on the leading lines. On the Atlantic boats his dinner will consist of soup, fish, joint, and sweets; but he will still breakfast at eight, dine at one, and end with a meat tea and a light supper.

In the first-class he will breakfast from eight to ten, lunch from one to two, and dine from five to seven, and his dinner will be the full conventional parade from the turtle to the coffee, by way of fish, entrées, joints, game and poultry, sweets, pastry, and dessert. His dinner will be as well cooked and afford quite as good a choice as the table d'hôte of a high-class hotel; and over and above these set meals he can end with supper from nine to ten, or vary the afternoon with tea, or fill up his spare time with nuts and fruit and odds and ends all through the day, which he probably begins with a cup of coffee at six o'clock in the morning.

All this catering means work under peculiarly trying circumstances, inasmuch as the workers have to look pleasant at it at all hours. Even an ordinary passenger ship will in the season have ninety or a hundred men in her hotel department—the *Majestic* out of an average crew of 322 has 114, the *Campania* out of 415 has 159, consisting of one chief steward, 105 stewards, 8 stewardesses, and 45 cooks, bakers, &c.—and these are at work early and late, cleaning, cooking, and serving, and being the busiest people in the ship. In these post-biscuit days the hot rolls and bread require the bakers to be afoot at four in the morning, and it is seven at night before the last baker's work is done. The cooks have to be up at half-past five

to prepare the coffee and tea which the stewards have to be ready to run round with at six, and thus begin a day which does not end till an hour before midnight. And behind the scenes in the offices and kitchens are the purser and his clerks and checkers, busy with the tickets and vouchers and forms, and the more or less elaborately columnar book-keeping, which maintain the whole turnover under control, and bring the results within the grasp of the Company's accountancy department.

In that department the bills of quantities run large, for in a year the provisioning of only one boat will, as a fair average, include five hundred sheep, two hundred lambs, three hundred oxen, three thousand fowls, as many ducks and miscellaneous poultry, besides several thousand head of game and other sundries. Add to these a hundred thousand eggs, ten tons of ham and bacon, five tons of fish, two tons of cheese, one thousand tins of sardines, one hundred tons of potatoes, five thousand loaves and fifty tons of flour and biscuits, five tons of jam and marmalade, three tons of oatmeal, two tons each of rice and peas, pearl barley, plums and currants, and twelve tons of sugar, with a ton of tea and three tons of coffee, and you have what may be called the backbone of the daily fare. With it, considering all things, the drink bill will favourably compare, as it averages out per vessel per year at about fifty thousand bottles of beer, twenty thousand mineral waters, three thou-



A CORNER OF A PANTRY.

sand bottles of spirits, and five thousand bottles of wine. Multiply these quantities by the number of the vessels in the fleet, and if you like big figures you will get them. It is true that they refer to the Atlantic trade, where the boats are large, the fleet small, the passages short, and a considerable percentage of the passengers do not have time to get

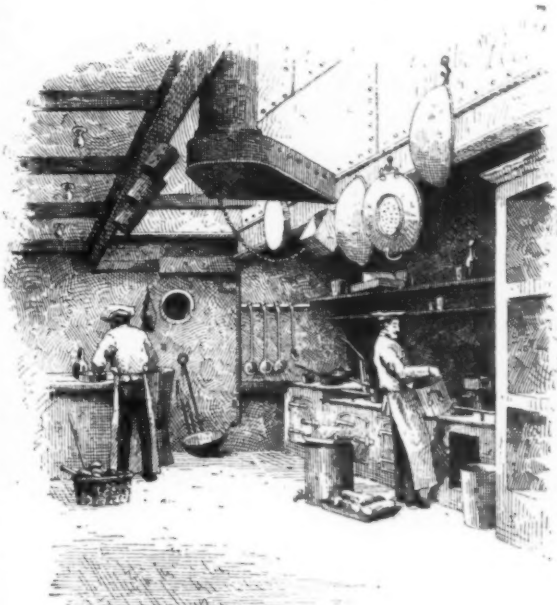
their feeding powers into full swing ; but they are sufficient as a sample, and afford enough indication of what the totals must amount to in a company like the P. & O., which has fifty floating hotels in commission, and spends £25,000 a year on ice alone.

And that reminds us that we have only mentioned the necessities, and said nothing of the luxuries, which we ought not entirely to omit. Let it be added, then, that each passenger averages three oranges, almost as many apples, and half as many lemons a day ; that the ice cream supplied averages a pint a head a week ; and that on an Atlantic trip, taken at a venture, the fruit bill included one hundred and sixty melons, one hundred pineapples, ten crates of peaches, ten bunches of bananas, one hundred quarts each of gooseberries, huckleberries, and currants, two hundred and fifty quarts each of raspberries, strawberries, and cherries, and seventy-five pounds of grapes.

It may be wondered how all these things find room on board, but then, as was said before, great are the mysteries of cubic measurement ; a ship's capacity is practically unlimited, and for generations the seafarer has been studying how to stow. Though the floor space devoted to larders and stores may not seem large, the walls and even the ceilings are so crammed with shelves and pigeon-holes, and hooks and rings, and racks and rails, that the compartment is almost solid with goods. That on shipboard everything must be in its place and not an inch wasted is nowhere more clearly shown than in these auxiliaries of the kitchen and the kitchen itself, where, at first sight, the stoves and hot-plates look so small and compact that we wonder how so much work can be done with such diminutive accommodation. But this want of space is occasionally more apparent than real owing to the immensity of the surroundings. In the new Cunarders, for instance, the kitchen—without the bakery—is from twenty-five to thirty feet square, and besides an immense grill and other apparatus contains a cooking-range twenty-five feet long, on which 170 stewpans can be worked side by side at the same time.

When the screw was first introduced on our leading passenger steamers—and that is not so very long ago, for it was not until 1862 that the Government sanctioned its use by the Cunard company, the *Scotia*, launched in 1861, having been their last paddle-boat—complaints were long and loud as to the discomfort caused by the vibration due to its thrashing. The saloon appeared to be smitten with the palsy, and the greater the power the more alarming was the attack. This was markedly the case with the old *City of Glasgow*, which after four trips across the Atlantic was sold by her builders, and became the first vessel of the Inman line ; though in her it was but trifling compared to what it is to-day in the new high-powered Channel boats, such as those in the Jersey trade. This screw tremor was borne with for years on our ocean steamers until the White Star people saw how to avoid it, and in 1871 started their steam fleet with the *Oceanic*, in which

the saloon was for the first time placed not in the stern over the screw, but in the middle of the ship. For the next great improvement the world is indebted to the National line, which, in 1884, launched the *America*, in which the ordinary skylight was replaced by a handsome dome. Nowadays, all the new boats have domed central saloons, but even with the dome a ship's dining room, owing to its



A KITCHEN.

enormous length and width, seems anything but the lofty apartment that it may really be. Even in the *Campania*, which has a saloon a hundred feet long and over sixty wide, this dwarfness is apparent, though it is not so much in evidence as in the *Paris* and *New York*, where the dome occupies a much larger proportion of the ceiling ; and in the new Australian and Indian boats the loftiness of the saloon is only discoverable after a day or two at sea. Of its decorations little need be said ; they are all very fine and handsome, with just a little leaning to the gorgeous and impressive, as are the other furnishings and decorations on shipboard. In its accommodation it may be noted that it seems to be invariably designed on the plan of the House of Commons, to be suitable for about two-thirds of the people who have a right to use it, so that in calm and prosperous times a second dinner has to be resorted to as the only way out of the catering difficulty.

A ship's dinner is a long affair, for it is lingered over owing to the people having nothing else to do. On the German lines calling at Southampton its monotony is somewhat modified by the band which plays throughout, an entertainment which means extra work for the unfortunate second-class stewards, who have all to pass an examination in instrumental music, and, forsaking their domestic duties, to betake themselves to bandsmanship for an hour or

two, to return to stewardship at a later period of the evening. This truly German band, welcome or unwelcome as the case may be, and the weather may render, plays hymn tunes and oratorio scraps on Sundays, and thus affords the only approach to the religious—if we except the Christmas tree—found on these lines; whereas in all British and American ships, as is well known, divine service is held every Sunday, the captain acting as chaplain should there be no recognised clergyman on board, a table being his pulpit, and the Union Jack or Stars and Stripes its drapery.

A ship may now be too long to pitch, but she is always high enough to roll. In some of those afloat the bridge is sixty feet above the water-line, and in spite of all that long curved hour-glass, known as a rolling chamber, can do, the leisurely stagger with the unexpected drop at the end is always marked enough to make a meal a somewhat speculative adventure. A movable feast in the rolling forties—or roaring forties, if you please—may have its pleasures, but even with the fiddles on the tables it is fraught with the unexpected; disappointments are many, and the breakages are simply appalling. During one week not so very long ago the steward's returns on one well-known liner showed an average breakage list of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles, all of which had, of course, to be made good on arrival in port.

This making good of damages is one of the chief duties of the shore gang, who may muster over a thousand, including fifty or more women in constant employment all the year round, engaged with the latest steam appliances in washing the linen, which they do at the rate of one week's wash for each three passengers per day, which may perhaps appear to be a low average, but the amount of soiled bed linen and table linen, glass-cloths, towels, and such like is very much greater at sea than on land. The work of the shore gang has to be sharp and sure. The vessel has but a week or fortnight in port, and during those few days she must be rendered fit to start again, complete in all points. Of all damages and deficiencies lists have to be made by the chief steward and *chef*, which are examined and certified by the purser and remitted to the victualling superintendent. As soon as he has passed the "indent," as it is customary to call it, all the hotel departments of the ship, together with their furniture and fittings, are put into complete repair, and never was there a repair yet which did not necessitate a certain amount of repainting and repolishing. Not only the saloon, smoking-room, drawing-room, and cabins are overhauled, but also the galley and larders and the bars and pantries; and a large detachment of the cook's battery goes ashore for renewal, with a very miscellaneous assortment of sundries that only housekeepers on a large scale would think of. The tinsmiths and tinkers are crowded up with odds and ends to repair and replace; the carpenters and joiners and cabinet-makers have their hands full not only in the

workshop but in the ship, not only in the saloons but in the deck houses and crew's quarters; and the plumbers rejoice as only plumbers can rejoice in the multiplicity and complexity of the baths and other sanitary appliances, which they render still further involved and prepare for future breakdown in the manner customary to their trade.

As the saloon hardly ever holds people enough, the cabins almost invariably hold too many. Much has been done of late years to improve the cupboards that are often dignified by the name of state rooms, but so long as they have two or even three shelves, instead of one, a life on the ocean wave will be no more enjoyable than life in a double-bedded room. In a few of the newer ships, the very natural desire for privacy has been met by alternating the bunks so that the upper is in one cabin and the under in the next, the part of the partition between being backed or brought forward so as to look like the front of a locker hanging to the ceiling or resting on the floor; but this device is expensive, and leads to the cabins being made smaller, though even if they were as small as they used to be, they are not likely to become as oppressive while ventilated on the present system, by which the air is so pumped and dealt with as to be entirely renewed every ten minutes in every corner of the ship. Another ingenious notion of the present day ship-fitter is that by which the cabins are fitted with drawers which work through the partitions into a box under the port-hole lighting the lobby on to which the doors open.

On the sea, as on the railroad, the second-class is as good as the first of not so very long ago; and the same practice occurs on both sea and land of keeping the first-class passengers in the centre, and putting the third at both ends in order that they may have the full benefit of the movement, and—probably, but not avowedly—run into something cheap. The specie and the mails are also in the middle of the ship—the specie in a steel strong-room of unexpected size, having an area of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred square feet; but then even gold coin requires space, when it mounts close up to the million, as it may occasionally do. The mail room is of course much larger, and in some boats is fifty feet long—for a mail will run to a thousand sacks, and even more—and where the custom is to sort the mails at sea, extra space is wanted for the work of the so-called "sea post office," which is gradually becoming as important as the T.P.O. on the rail.

There is no one thing which represents more money than a ship, and it is customary to instance a warship costing a million as the greatest concentration of value known. This is obviously correct when her powers of capturing are considered, but ship for ship we would rather have one of our giant merchantmen when she is fully coaled and loaded, and has her mails and specie aboard, and is "filled up" with the more than two thousand passengers and crew she has to find in board and lodging.

W. J. GORDON.

DELINQUENT ANIMALS.

SIGNOR CARLO D'ADDOSIO, an Italian writer, has recently published a book entitled "Delinquent Animals" (*Bestie Delinquenti*), in which he records most minutely a large number of the strange citations, arrests, and impeachments made by man on the lower animals. A curious work it is to read, truly, and we know not how to wonder enough at the strange human perversity of intelligence that could so render confused the minds of our forefathers that they were able to hold that creatures that could not even conceive the notion of law should be able to offend against its decrees. The work, being written in Italian, is not accessible to all readers, and it may be worth while to extract from it some of its contents.

Let us begin with our faithful old grey friend, the domestic donkey, that useful and good servant of man, as he has proved himself since the most ancient times. The pretty, graceful creature, with its slow, measured step, its uniform and imperturbable temper, ever fulfils its duty faithfully and patiently. In the Island of Sardinia, where they are much esteemed, their chief work in olden times was to turn the wheels of grinding mills; in consequence of which they were called "millers." Sometimes these beasts were accorded a holiday, when they were allowed to roam about in their master's fields; but only there, for elsewhere "trespassers were prosecuted," no matter if they were only donkeys who could not understand about boundary walls, and were ignorant of the limits of their master's property. The innocent animal, intent on enjoying its holiday, would often go browsing along calmly into the field of some cantankerous neighbour, where his peace would suddenly be disturbed by being caught by the forelock, dragged to the council chamber, and denounced as a trespasser. Thereupon the judges and all the minor men of the law would gather together to listen to the indictment and fix the day for the formal trial. When that day came Mr. Greycoat had to appear again in court and stand in the criminal box, patiently brushing away the flies with his tail and wondering why he was neither at his work nor in the sunny fields, where the grass just now was so fresh and luscious, the flowers so gay, and the thistle so tender. This surely was a queer kind of stable, full of all these men chattering away so quickly, and not even a wisp of hay to chew. Nor would they allow him to lie down and sleep, as any reasonable donkey would do under the circumstances. Well indeed might poor Moke wonder, for the scene in which he was playing a leading part must indeed have been a strange one! There was the lawyer retained for his especial benefit pleading eloquently concerning his proverbial stupidity, and then appealing pathetically to the jury, who sat listening solemnly, in favour of his hard-working client. But

it was all to no purpose, trespassers are trespassers, be they donkeys or be they men. Such was the verdict of the wise in law; and the trespasser was led away to punishment. One of his soft grey ears was cut off, much to the discomfort of the poor animal, who could not understand the reason of such unkind treatment. And not understanding the cause, he fell into default again. This second offence against the law was punished with the loss of his second ear. From a lop-eared donkey he became an ass with no ears at all, and henceforth no doubt wore a puzzled expression of countenance. But if after this second punishment the unlucky animal was again caught straying, he was confiscated bodily, head and hoof, to become the property of the prince of the land, who placed him amid his droves, where he had to work hard, was carefully watched, and forbidden to roam with his old sweet freedom. And yet, notwithstanding all this, he had reason to rejoice that he was a donkey, for these animals were favourites in the middle ages, and their offences treated with comparative leniency.

Far worse did it fare with pigs, wild cattle, and even domestic cows. For these there was no mercy. If they were found trespassing, they were instantly killed. Who knows? perhaps less mercy was extended to them because, after all, the ham of a pig that has trespassed is as good as that of one that has not, if he be only fat enough. In this case there was not so much waste as when a donkey was executed. It was laid down by law that all pigs must wear a large species of collar, triangular in shape, which projected, and hindered them from passing easily through the hedges. But if the animals were obstinate, as pigs are much inclined to be, and insisted upon pushing through the forbidden confines, they were taken up before the law-courts, condemned and killed, after going through a trial such as in those days used to serve both for man and beast.

The insects that harassed the land in any way were also punished. This, however, was a much more difficult business. It was easy to catch a browsing donkey, a pig intent upon eating as many acorns as he possibly could, no matter on whose ground he found them; and even to catch a cow, no matter how wild, would be a trifle compared to capturing millions of locusts or caterpillars, or rats or mice, in order to drag them before the jury. Yet these comic people of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, undaunted, brought frequent suits against such insects, and formally condemned them to death or exile. In 1108 A.D. the Roman Campaigna was greatly injured by an invasion of millions of locusts, who ate up all the year's crops, and so seriously damaged the plants that the people suffered great hunger and poverty. The poor

peasants ran for redress to the Pope, and begged for help and advice. His Holiness declared that whoever brought him a sestiero (a measure equal to about two gallons) of locusts should receive sixpence for each sestiero. At once every one set to work, locusts were brought in masses to the Vatican, and the Pope paid down many a penny. But both work and money proved in vain. The locusts only grew more numerous. Consequently the Pope saw himself obliged to have recourse to stronger measures. He hurled against the insects an anathema launching forth all the terrors of excommunication. How he managed this it is difficult to say, for insects are not supposed to be frequenters of Holy Church, and hence could not be aware of their sentence; but this trifling consideration did not trouble his Holiness. He formally denounced the locusts to suffer all the torments of the other world, and as the sentence was read out in church the people shouted "Fiat, fiat, fiat!" Then the people were enjoined to go about in processions through the afflicted country, chanting psalms and praying. This, we are told, had more effect than the first remedy. The insects disappeared entirely.

This was in the early days of our era, when all law was still administered by ecclesiastics. As time went on the civil authorities took the matter in hand, and in their turn punished all insects that scourged the land, all animals that offended. Thus, when the locusts appeared, an officer was sent to the place where they ravaged, to read out to them a warrant summoning them to appear on a fixed day before the jury. Imagine a hot summer's day, trees and plants laden with locusts chirping loudly, filling the air with the shrill, curious, uniform music, which they alone know how to make, and the officer of the law addressing the little creatures, gravely bidding them appear on a certain day before the jury, to be questioned by what right they had eaten up and ruined the food of man. It is scarcely likely that the song of the careless locusts would have been much affected by this manifesto on the part of the man of dusty law. With respect, however, to addressing animals, and expecting them to understand, this legal emissary was not singular.

It recalls to our mind another and far more sympathetic figure, that of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the little birds—his brothers, as he styled them. We can imagine him sitting on a bank, away from the noisy world, speaking in gentle, soft tones to his bird-audience; so gently and softly that the birds were not frightened, and liked to perch upon the shoulders of the holy man, or hop around his feet, while their little heads leant on one side and their bright eyes twinkled merrily. Yet they did not understand one word he said, and he knew it, but he liked to speak the words, and he and they made pleasant company for each other in the wilderness. St. Francis's manner of addressing the birds must have been more winning than the pompous delivery of the man of law. In any case the locusts did not seem to be much impressed by him, for when the appointed day arrived none of them were visible in the council chamber; which, on the whole, was natural. It was then decided that they should be judged "in contumacia." A lawyer was appointed for them who

defended their cause with ardour. He began by saying that the insects cited could not appear because they were spread all over the country, and the greater number of them had not even heard the speech of the officer. Then he opened out the question as to whether the little animals had not as much right to live as man. Had they not as much right to the produce of the earth? Were they not also creatures of God? He pleaded so well that it was decided that an agreement should be made between the devastating creatures and the proprietors of the land. The locusts were ordered to leave the vines, the fruit trees, and all other plants useful to man, and to go and live in a part of the wood which should be duly set apart for their use. We are told in the ancient document that records this story that the locusts obeyed and retired to their property; but whether it be true, and if so, how it was managed, we are not informed.

Bartholomew Chassanée, a Frenchman of the fifteenth century, one of the most brilliant and famous lawyers of his time, owed his rise to fame to his warm, clever defence of a swarm of mice that had invaded Autun, where they nibbled and gnawed up everything, not sparing even the benches of the church. From this it would appear that Lord Mayor Dick Whittington was not the only man who owed his fame to these little creatures. But Chassanée had to manage his business all by himself; he had no cat to help him, only his native eloquence. Once, in the seventeenth century, at Chur a beetle grew so powerful as to frighten the people, who applied to the civil authorities for help against these depredations. The little creatures were summoned to appear before the local magistrates, a public edict being emitted for the purpose. But, strange to tell, they did not put in an appearance. Apparently all the locusts, mice, beetles, and such like vermin, must have been rather deaf, or else they did not understand the crabbed high-flown language of the law, for they never once obeyed a summons. Here again we behold them defended by a lawyer, who argued that on account of their tender age and diminutive size they could not come so far. And again part of a wood was sacrificed to their habitation. It seems that the beetles were well satisfied with their new quarters, for this species are to be found in that wood to this day.

But animals, according to our forefathers, were guilty of even more serious crimes, which were punishable only by death. As late as 1845, a man who went hunting in France with a greyhound, contrary to certain laws, was condemned by the Tribunal of Troyes to pay a fine of fifty francs, while, strange as it may seem, his dog was sentenced to death for the same offence, only, fortunately for the innocent beast, the court of appeal recalled the sentence and the dog was saved. Later still, in 1861, at Leeds, a cock was sentenced to death for having hurt a child so that it died. The jury honoured the animal by being present at the execution. There is also recorded the death of another cock that was guilty, not of bloodshed, but of witchcraft.

In the eighteenth century, that so-called century of reason, a Swiss peasant one day came to his master, a well-known naturalist, and told him, with blanched

cheek and in great fear, that their cock was bewitched, for it laid eggs which, when opened, proved to have no yolk, but a black thing that looked like a tiny serpent. This serpent, he said, would come out when the egg was hatched, and bring much sorrow and wickedness into the world. In consequence of his relation the cock was killed. But great was the consternation and surprise of all concerned when the next day another such egg was found in the nest. After some investigation it was proved that the culpable creature, far from being a witch, was merely a hen that was ill.

Even the men of the French Revolution, who boasted of their superior enlightenment, were not free from the idea that an animal could be held responsible for its deeds like a human being. Thus we find that on November 17, 1793, a certain Saint-Prix and his dog were condemned to death because the latter, at the instigation of his master, had bitten the calves of a vendor of a Liberal newspaper, a manoeuvre which, in the eyes of the prosecutor, constituted an anti-revolutionary act. There can still be read the minutes of the trial of the unfortunate animal, which concludes by telling us how the poor beast was killed in the presence of a police inspector and an army sergeant.

Another trial, almost as incredible, meets us in the records of the movement for Italian liberation from Austrian rule. It would seem that during the Austro-Russian reaction at Milan in 1799 many innocent people were imprisoned, among them a baby of five years, who had been heard crying "*Vive la France!*" and a magpie that insisted on singing "*Ça ira*," and repeating the same in the court of justice.

The most serious and frequent impeachments were made against pigs. Many are the cases placed on record of pigs eating or mutilating children and having to suffer in consequence. In Signor D'Addosio's book can be seen a reproduction of a queer old woodcut. The houses and trees represented are much like those of a Noah's Ark; the ground is covered with little hillocks, like so many mud-pies. In the foreground a man is lying calmly on the ground while a bull is carefully digging a horn into him, while on the left is seen a cradle with a baby inside, much too large for its cradle, which an immense pig is eating up. In the church of Holy Trinity, at Falaise, in France, there is a fresco painted on the eastern wall representing the execution by hanging of an infanticide pig in the fourteenth century. From this and other specimens we gather that it was evidently not uncommon to render pictorial records of such animal delinquents. These, like the donkeys, had to appear in the criminal box, and were often tortured into what was called confession, that is to say, tormented until they howled, which was regarded as an admission of guilt. These trials of delinquent animals seem to have been more frequent in France than elsewhere during the middle ages. But this may

arise merely from the circumstance that the old French civic documents have been better preserved than those of any other European country. For the pigs condemned to death an executioner was called all the way from Paris, or from the capital of the province, and was paid according to the time it took him to come. For every occasion he received a new pair of gloves. The condemned pigs were either beheaded, hung, or, horrible to relate, buried alive.

In France it was usual to treat them exactly like human prisoners. They were put into the same prisons, were well fed, and, like other prisoners, were allowed to have an abundant meal before being led to final execution. Their sentence was read out to them in due form, and they were carried to the place of execution in the same chariot that carried human culprits, escorted by the sergeants and bowmen, while all the bells of the city pealed in discord and never ceased until justice had been done. Verbal processes of these executions, together with the reasons that had brought them about, were transcribed with scrupulous exactitude in the criminal registers. Extenuating circumstances seem never to have been allowed for in these trials. A case is on record of a swineherd who was killed by the largest of his flock. The beast was tried, and sentenced to be buried alive, and then there followed a long dispute whether the other little pigs who had witnessed the scene ought not to be punished also, because they had not taken the boy's part, and hence were in a manner accomplices of the crime. How could they, on the other hand, tell the jury that their mother, never of a gentle temper, as they could certify, had been teased and goaded to the end of her tether? They were let off, however, but were confiscated by the prince of the land.

Such are a few of the facts, which greatly resemble each other, that Signor D'Addosio has gathered together with exemplary patience. After perusing them we feel that Racine's exquisite comedy "*Les Plaideurs*," in which a dog is brought on the scene accused of stealing, is no mere clever invention, as has been contended, but is founded upon fact. Certainly these men of the olden time we are so apt to laud must have had little to do, as well as strangely confused ideas concerning the nature of animals, if they could spare so many hours in settling whether a beast, which had committed some act in accordance with its nature, were criminal or no.

In those times men and beasts were equal before the law, but in a different sense from what we understand this to-day, when animals are also legally protected, that is to say, against the thoughtlessness and cruelty of man. Of old, both men and beasts were accounted responsible for their actions, only pigs, horses, cows, cocks, mice, and locusts were unable to say one word in their own defence.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



AN ARCADIAN REPUBLIC.

BY ADELIA GATES, AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SID."

IN the north-east of Italy, a few miles up from the Adriatic coast, there rises a mountain, high and so difficult of ascent, at least on two sides, that the city set upon its summit is a fortress by virtue of position alone. On this mountain, anciently called Titano, and on a narrow belt of territory at its base, there has grown up a republic, the oldest, the smallest, and perhaps the proudest in the world—certainly the wisest and happiest—San Marino.

The first notice we have of this place dates from the fourth century, at which time, and long after, it was, as said above, called Titano.

A certain Dalmatian stone-cutter named Marino, living in Rimini on the coast, found that the mountain not only yielded good and abundant material for his work, but also offered a place of sojourn where he might live free and tranquil, quite removed from the wild turmoil of the times. Here he fixed his abode; here year after year he followed his humble occupation, and taught the Christianity that was the life of his life.

Among the many converts he made there was a rich lady of Rimini, Felicissima, who, dying, bequeathed Titano and its surrounding lands to her beloved teacher.

At his death he left it to his followers, recommending them to maintain unity and freedom. Greatly revered, he was at length canonised, and gradually the mountain came to be called by his name.

For a time there was only a church with a feeble population gathered about it. As it grew and took a certain importance it was called successively *Castrum*, *Castellum*, *Libertas*, *Civitas*; and finally, in the tenth century, the inhabitants gave themselves such a form of government as entitled them to take the name of "Republic of San Marino."

In the thirteenth century there was framed a new constitution, slightly modified from time to time to meet new social conditions, but never radically changed. This fact testifies to the wisdom of those early legislators, and to the steadfastness of the inhabitants of the little republic.

A return from Greece to Italy furnished me the long-desired occasion for a visit to this interesting State. Arrived at Rimini, a coachman, learning that I was going up to San Marino, offered to drive me there for ten francs (8s. 4d.), assuring me that it was as cheap as the omnibus, swifter, and more agreeable. When I said I would look about Rimini for a few hours, he offered to take me for nine francs, adding that *he* would go quite to the gate of the city, whereas the omnibus would leave me at the bourg below. Knowing well his tribe and their ways, I would have none of him, and

went my own way. A laddie of nine or ten years walked quietly along near me; and when out of earshot of the importunate coachman, came close beside me, and said in a low voice:

"The Signora will pay two francs and a half in the omnibus."

"That seems hardly possible," I replied.

"That is the price to San Marino," he insisted.

Evidently the coachman had not given up the hoped-for prey, for he came up and cried severely, "What are you following the Signora for? Off with yourself!"

Then, indignant, I said, "Let him alone, he is doing no wrong;" and giving the little fellow my basket, told the big fellow I was going to the omnibus office. There I paid the two-and-a-half francs to secure my place, and wandered about the town till two P.M., when I took a seat on high behind the driver, and was off for San Marino, ten miles or more upward.

There sat beside me a plainly-dressed man, a citizen of the Republic. I talked with him a good deal, as he seemed quite ready to answer all my questions, and to give me all the information he could about his "*piccola patria*."

Among other things I asked the name of the President.

"Of the city, or the country?"

"I did not know you were so rich as to have two Presidents."

"Oh yes, we have two *capitani reggenti*, as we call them, one for the city and one for the country. But that does not impoverish us, he added with a smile, for they serve without salary."

"Is that possible?"

"Quite possible. Their term of office is only for six months; and any citizen who loves his country will be willing to give six months to the public service."

"However," he continued, again smiling, "as they do not wish to lay any financial burden upon us, they make a present of the official dress, value of about six or seven pounds sterling."

I did not then notice particularly the word "*us*"; later I recollected it. Again I asked the name of the city President, but without mentioning that I had a letter of introduction from our consul in Corfu, who, not knowing his name, had addressed it merely to his title.

The driver did *not* leave us at the bourg, but brought us up the hill, as was the custom, to the very gate of the city. On descending he asked where I would go.

"I do not know where I should go. I am a stranger here, and would like a plain hotel where I can talk, and can learn most about San Marino."

Considering for a moment and turning to my fellow-traveller, he said, "I think Cæsarini's is the place for her, don't you?"

"I think so," was the reply.

"Will you conduct her there?"

"Certainly. I shall be happy to do so," and, taking my portfolio, he led me halfway across the city to the Hotel Cæsarini.

A model of republican simplicity it was—no carpets, no rich curtains, no showy furniture, nor display of any sort; all was of the simplest. Doubtless if I had not distinctly asked for a "plain" hotel I should have been shown to a more ambitious one.

When I had brushed off the dust, got dinner, and replaced the big halfa bonnet, that had been my shelter from sun and wind during a year of travel in Algeria, Egypt, and Palestine, by a snug little hat that I always carried in the bottom of my palm-leaf basket, I asked the landlady to allow her young daughter to accompany me to the President's, as I had a letter to him.

"The gentleman who brought you here is the President," she said.

"Are you quite sure it was the President?"

"Quite sure. I know him very well. Did you not come together from Rimini?"

I said to myself, "Here is a good beginning—an illustration of the democratic feeling that very probably prevails in San Marino. An omnibus-driver coolly asks the chief officer of the republic to show a shabbily-dressed woman to her humble hotel, and chief officer of the republic, with no appearance of surprise or of offended dignity, accepts the commission, and, carrying her big portfolio, walks through the city with the shabby little stranger.

"Himself," to borrow an Irishism, was playing in the hall with his little daughter, and opened the door to me. He glanced at the superscription of the letter I offered him, and brought me up to the parlour, helping the child along at the same time. Having read the letter he said, "I felicitate you on your tastes and on the ability to gratify them. If I can serve you in any way, command me. What can I do for you?"

"Put me in the way to become acquainted with your republic, in which I feel a profound interest, and for which I have a great respect."

No allusion was made to our having met before. We talked awhile; he gave me some reading-matter, made a note of some things I could find in Florence, gave me a card to the rector of the college asking him to give me access to the library and to aid me in any way he could.

At the hotel I was treated as one of the household—ate with them, sat with them in the evenings, and received them and their friends in my large bed-chamber, while painting the flowers of their fields. My host went about the city with me, pointing out the things of greatest interest, and telling me much that I was glad to hear.

Besides the capital, there are seven prosperous little centres, and numerous houses dot the fertile territory. All told, the population is over eight thousand, and increases by about a hundred and fifty annually.

There may be rags in San Marino—I saw none; there may be beggars—I neither saw nor heard of one; there may be illiterates, but I doubt it. I cannot speak with certitude of the country, but in the city there certainly are means of instruction for all. There are elementary schools and technical, a gymnasium or high school, a lyceum, a college, a public library, a picture gallery, and a valuable natural history collection. Nor does the little capital lack a theatre and hospital. Thus the San Marinese seem as well equipped as most modern societies. A new government house was being built, which promised to be quite an ornament to the town, but it grew slowly, as it was deemed prudent not to contract any debt, but to keep within the current income.

The streets of San Marino are well paved and clean, the houses rather uniform in appearance and of simple architecture, but not inelegant. The cathedral is very properly dedicated to the venerated founder of the city, and his statue is one of the ornaments of the interior. At the side of the cathedral there is a chapel, from which one may climb by a staircase to two small grottoes excavated in the rock, which tradition says were the habitations of St. Marino and his companion St. Leo. The triple summits of the mountain on which the city is built are crowned by three very ancient towers called the Penne, an Italian word signifying crest or peak. Climbing these heights one is rewarded by a magnificent view of verdant country and blue sea. Beheld from afar in coming up from the Adriatic, San Marino is a striking and grandly attractive object, but on a near approach its appearance is severe and forbidding. A solid mass of rock it is, whose base has served as a quarry for long ages.

Though a republic, San Marino is not by any means a democracy. The people do not enjoy the right of suffrage, they have only the right of remonstrance. But the governmental machine moves with little friction, and tyranny and revolt seem to have no place in the little republic. Perhaps their system could not be so successfully applied in a large State: it has worked well here. The government is composed of a general council of sixty members, a council of twelve, two Ruling Captains (*capitani reggenti*), a judiciary, and two ministers or secretaries—one for foreign, the other for internal affairs.

The sovereign council consists of sixty members, chosen for life, and in equal numbers of twenty, from the nobility, the citizens, and the country agriculturists, never more than one from the same family. When a vacancy occurs the remaining fifty-nine councillors choose by lot a successor from the same class his predecessor had belonged to; so that the three orders are always equally represented. The legislative power resides in this council of sixty. The senate, or council of twelve, chosen by the general council from its own number, is renewed by two-thirds every two years, and is an intermediate body between the grand council and the two *Consuls*, as they used to be called—*Ruling Captains*, as they are now called at home—*Presidents*, as we foreigners call them. Their jurisdiction is clearly defined by the statutes.

These two *capitani reggenti* are elected by lot by the council, one from the city, one from the country. They have the executive power. Their term of office is only for six months, and they are not eligible for re-election for a period of three years. They must be natives of the republic. Not so the three judges; they are chosen *not* from among the citizens of the republic, but *from outside*, and are renewed or reconfirmed every three years.

Capital punishment was abolished in 1864. There is no army, properly speaking; all citizens capable of bearing arms are to be regarded as defenders of their country, certain reasonable conditions being observed as to the choice of them for actual service in case of need. God grant the need may never be felt!

As to finance there is not much to be said. In so limited a country there could not be a very complicated system.

Taxes are marvellously light, the government levying them according to the principles of true morality—that is, making them proportionate to the public needs, and being also careful not to incur expenses beyond the means of defraying them. Acting on these principles, the government of San Marino offers to European States, crippled by debt, the prospect of one State whose budget is 89,000 francs for the receipts and 79,000 for the expenses, leaving in the treasury 10,000 francs surplus revenue = about £400 sterling. This was the case a few years ago. I cannot give the exact figures for to-day.

I must not omit to say that very nearly one fifth of the expenses are for public instruction!

A citizen there said to me, with justifiable pride: "Not only we have no debt, but we have credit; the treasury is never empty."

Twelve or fourteen men in uniform constitute the police of the whole republic. The happiness, the prosperity, of this State have their base in the virtue, the temperance, the industry, the courage, and self-respect of its people. Idleness and luxury have not perverted them. Their territorial limitations, and their poverty, if it should really be called poverty, are their shield against many dangers without and within. They have had many a struggle. Their independence has not been maintained without watchfulness and strenuous effort. Through all the thirteenth century they had to resist the insidious snares of the bishops of the neighbouring mountain region of Montefeltro. Sigismond Malatesta tried to take them by surprise, and to scale the walls at midnight, but his attempt failed.

In 1503 Cæsar Borgia ruled them for a few months, but at the death of that tyrant they recovered their liberty.

They were living in quiet, and without the least

suspicion, when, in the night of June 4, 1542, they were suddenly assaulted by Fabiano da Monte; but this time also the enemy was driven back; and in memory of the salvation of that night June 4 is made a holiday.

Again in 1549 they repulsed another attack (this also a careful surprise) by Leonardo Pio, the lord of Verucchio. In 1739 the Cardinal Alberoni entered by force the territory of the republic, and sought to make them submit to the domination of Pope Clement xii.

On this occasion several of the most distinguished citizens, and among them a *capitano reggente*, were brought in chains to the great square, and there, surrounded by soldiers and executioners, they were ordered to swear loyalty to the Pope.

They lifted their manacled hands and cried: "Viva la repubblica! viva la libertà!" The infuriated cardinal sacked the houses of these proud republicans, whom he called rebels; and the Pope, seeing at last the impossibility of subduing the independent spirit of these determined mountaineers, restored to them their own government.

When Bonaparte in 1797 was quartered at Rimini he sent his deputy Monge (the celebrated mathematician) to San Marino to express his respect for the republic, and to say that if any rectification of frontiers, or any extension of territory, would be necessary or useful to them, they had but to name it, and he would hasten to put the French republic in a position to testify its respect for San Marino.

The *capitano reggente* showed the council the folly and iniquity of accepting the flattering proposal, and they were unanimous in rejecting it.

"Say to the General Bonaparte," was his reply to Deputy Monge, "that, content with our littleness, we do not wish to trespass upon our neighbours, nor imperil our liberty." Here was the "Righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Wise San Marino! There was true statesmanship!

The last attempt against it was in 1853, when the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany agreed between them to occupy its territory. France would not allow the wicked scheme to be carried out, and once again the republic was saved. Long life to the brave little State which founds its liberty on the virtue of its people!

And here let it be told to its honour, that in 1868 they refused the advantages of railways, money, and institutions of beneficence, offered by speculators from abroad, for the privilege of opening a gambling house in San Marino. Happy little State! May it always hold to its motto of Morality, Peace, and Liberty!



BY M. KATAOKA, AUTHOR OF "THE JAPANESE RIF VAN WINKLE," ETC. ETC.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

I.



THIS is a story of old Nippon. Long ago, when no man from the Western islands had more than heard of that unknown and mysterious land, there lived on the side of a gentle hill that overlooked a winding river and the great road to Yedo, a man named Kikito. He lived where his father and his father's fathers for many generations had resided. As they had one by one gone through life and left it, so was he in his turn going slowly but surely on the same road. He tilled the same fields and gathered in his crops, he fished in the same river, he adorned his modest home with the maple flower, the lotus bloom, and the red and white azaleas. He looked often over the wide and cultivated plains, and often in the early dawn when going to his daily task he would see in the clear air of the morning, far off, shining and glittering like a star on the horizon, the jewelled head of the sacred Fujiyama. Whether working at his rice crop low on the plain, or wandering under the murmuring pines on the hillside, Kikito was ever thoughtful and sedate.

His wife, Susito, said that his silence showed how wise he was, and she loved him all the more for it. She was a most worthy woman, proud of her children, and never repining at their hard life and continual work. For Kikito was very poor. Toil as he would, always something was to be done. There was no ceasing to his toil; and here the truth must be told, Kikito dearly loved to lie under the shade of a great tree on the hillside, when the sun was low in the west, or to sit by the river, line and hook in hand, and there to dream dreams. This is why he was silent and sedate. The fact is, though he guessed it not himself, *Kikito was not content* with his lot in life. Not that he was lazy or idle. He worked well, if not very willingly. No man's labour in the rice

swamps was harder than his. No man's fields were better ploughed and tended. Few fished more or with greater perseverance than Kikito. But his heart was troubled, and he never sang over his work, or laughed or talked as did his neighbours. He found there were many things that he could not understand, and, instead of letting them pass by like the clouds that darken but do not change the sun, he puzzled over them, brooded on them, and so became Kikito the discontented.

Here and there in the green valleys, and scattered on the slopes of the hills round about, surrounded by masses of flowering plants, and shaded by old groves of pines and firs, were the great houses of the Daimios, the wealthy, proud nobles of old Nippon. He met them sometimes, haughty and silent, heedless of him, as if he and his were less than the dust that their armed escorts raised up in clouds as they dashed furiously along the highway. Greater ones than these too he sometimes saw as they journeyed along, whence he knew not, and whither going, or on what errand, he did not know. But easy and comfortable, well fed and wealthy they were, yet, as far as he could see, idle, and having never to toil for the luxuries that they enjoyed. They came and went into the distant world, saw all its wonders, and time was no object to them, nor distance any bar. The priests, too, and the monks of the Buddhist monasteries, others toiled for them, brought food to them, built houses for them; they had no anxiety for the future, and their singing and religious services seemed a very easy kind of work, if indeed it could be so called at all. Many of them were men whom no one respected—ignorant, worthless fellows. What would the world be the better for them after they had the dust of their burned bodies placed in a small sack in that vast repository where so many thousands of similar worthless packages reposed? Nothing. Kikito, and many others besides, did not believe much in these men, and yet the world was to be made easy for them, while he toiled and toiled unceasingly.

"Why," said he, "cannot I, who have given to the State able and healthy sons, whose head is clear, and whose understanding is quick, whose work is praised as showing skill, and whose hands are never idle—why cannot I have some of the many pleasures, whose very names I am ignorant of, that these great ones enjoy? They can give ornaments and rich robes to their wives, and costly presents to their children, every desire of their hearts is gratified; yet though my Susito is as fair and virtuous, and my children are as obedient and as intelligent as their wives and children can be, I can in no way show my love or pride for them. Unless I chance to be more lucky than usual in my fishing, and bring home some big fellows for supper, the year goes by, and I still have nothing to offer them, absolutely nothing. This cannot be fair or right, and if I could see any way to remedy it, I would adopt it, *no matter what it was*."

approaching. He had seen the same kind of thing often and often. He smiled bitterly as he heard the distant clanking of arms, tinkling of bells, and soon the tramping of men and horses.

"Ah, ring your bells, and ride and prance, wave your flags, and glory in your wealth; but if there were any power and love of justice among the gods, I would not be penniless for ever in this spot while you roll in wealth about the world!"

Hardly had he uttered these words, when Kikito heard a voice:—"There is power among the gods, and you shall know it. Do you still hold to what you said some time back, that you would adopt any means, *no matter what*, to change your condition?"

Amazed, Kikito had sprung up to see who this was who thus addressed him. He saw, standing a few paces off, an old man, with large and piercing eyes. He was old, and the expression of his face



"I AM DAIKOKU, THE GOD OF WEALTH."

After thus ruminating for some time one fine summer afternoon, lying in the long grass, under the grateful shade of some lofty firs, Kikito remained sadly and gloomily looking out afar over the bright sunny landscape spread before him. The river wound like a gleaming ribbon beneath him, curving around the base of the hill, and then winding in and out among the low-lying rice fields, farther and farther over the plain. Immediately in front of him it was spanned by a high arched bridge, and the white dusty road led over it to the distant world that Kikito was never to know. Presently he became aware of a small cloud of dust far away on the horizon, and he watched it lazily for some time. It came nearer and nearer; now sunk in a hollow or hidden behind trees, it sometimes disappeared, but shortly came into view again. Soon some flashes of steel and bright gleams of colour and gold would be seen in its centre, and Kikito guessed that it was some great officer or noble with his rich retinue that was

was full of pride and cunning, yet withal sorrowful and unhappy. His robes were of the richest materials and sparkling with gems. But the most wonderful thing about him was the colour of his face and hands. They shone with a dull glow, and looked like nothing else than if they were made of solid gold.

"Who are you?" asked Kikito, who was much troubled.

"I am Daikoku," said the stranger; "Daikoku, the god of wealth."

"I know nothing of wealth," said Kikito. "Why do you come to me?"

"I come," answered the stranger, "because I have long listened to your repining, and am ready and willing to grant you all you wish, if only you have the courage to bear the change."

"In this world," replied Kikito, "no man gives without return. I know not how it may be among the gods, but I suppose you will demand of me some return. What is it?"

"Some small sacrifice you will have to make, doubtless," replied Daikoku, "but it is not much. Listen. All that money can do—and what can it not do?—in the world, is within my power. There is no end to my power. But one thing there is which I have, perhaps foolishly, set my soul on having, and which my wealth does not give me. You have it, you value it not, you will not miss it. Sell it to me, and in return you shall have all that money, fame, power, and rank can give you in this world. You shall be as this great noble who is now rapidly approaching us—nay, you shall be that very nobleman himself, with all his powers, privileges, and possessions!"

At this Kikito was so surprised that he could hardly frame the words to ask, "And this thing that I am to give you, what is it?"

"It is what I have not," mournfully replied Daikoku, "and you mortals call it *content*, or peace of mind."

"Oh, is that all?" said Kikito, much relieved. He had feared that the god was going to demand of him his future happiness, or perchance his beloved Susito, or his boys. "My peace of mind," he added, "will, I fear, be of little use to you, indeed I doubt if I have any, for I am generally thought to be a most discontented fellow."

"Never mind, I will take the risk. You have not yourself used your peace of mind lately, and it is almost as good as new. Indeed, I will be candid with you, we are not permitted to take from mortals any qualities that they use, only those they suffer to lie idle. Come, what say you, is it a bargain? Look at yonder approaching cavalcade. If by the time the foremost horseman has crossed the bridge your mind is not made up, I shall leave you, to seek elsewhere that which I require."

Kikito's mind was in a whirl. He feared with a vague fear this offer that was made him. The glittering eye of the stranger struck cold to his heart, and something whispered to him not to risk so much on the unknown future. Then on the other hand he thought of his long life of endless toil, his mind longing for freedom, his body chained in one dull changeless round. His mind was made up, he would take this wonderful chance that the gods offered him and risk the result. The foremost horsemen, armed in mail and with waving plumes and flashing weapons, were rapidly approaching the bridge. Behind them he could see a princely-looking man riding in the midst of a crowd of servants and followers, and in the rear a number of covered carriages containing no doubt the ladies of the prince, while behind them again came numerous animals laden with property of various kinds.

"And the like of all this may be mine," Kikito thought; "I would be a fool to hesitate. Be it as you wish," he cried aloud, turning to Daikoku, who stood steadfastly regarding him.

"Good," said the god of wealth, and his eyes for brilliancy grew dazzling to look upon, and the astonished Kikito saw that his face was indeed of burnished and burning gold! "First," he continued, "I will, as is only fair, take what I require of you, and then I will grant you all, ay, and more than you have ever wished for!"

He then came close to Kikito, whose kimono, or robe, he opened slightly, and placing one hand over the heart and the other on the head of the trembling mortal, he held him thus for a moment and then slowly drew back his hands, placing them exactly in the same position on his own breast and head. That was all. His hands looked like molten gold, but felt as cold as ice. No sooner had he withdrawn them than Kikito was aware of a strange change creeping over him. Vague it was, but terrible. He felt changed as a sunny landscape looks changed when the sun is suddenly covered with thick clouds. His blood seemed to move more slowly through his veins, and his heart felt as lead within him.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "What is this—what have you done? Give me back——"

"*It is too late*," sternly replied Daikoku. "Look around! This familiar scene you shall see no more; you shall rest no more under these pines and firs, you shall watch no more this shining river, nor fish in its tranquil waters! I will bring near to you, for I have the power, your house, and therein you shall see your Susito and your children. Look on them, and look farewell, for you shall look on them no more!"

Even as he spoke Kikito saw, as if close to him, his beloved but humble home, so close that he thought he could have touched his wife as she hurried about preparing the evening meal for him who would never come to enjoy it. His children were there, some studying, some playing. One, the youngest, turned her little face towards him as if she knew that he was near. In the anguish of his heart he would have called aloud and rushed to embrace them, but his tongue was silent and his limbs were powerless. Slowly the vision vanished away. He strove to speak, but could not. The heavens seemed growing dark around him. The earth seemed sinking beneath his feet. All things seemed fading, himself with them. Only the glowing face and glittering eyes of the mocking Daikoku gleamed on him out of the gathering gloom. Then all was blackness. He seemed suddenly to start out of a dream. Many voices were sounding around him. He opened his eyes. He was riding clothed in silks and gold amongst a brilliant troop, and all heads were bowed in reverence before him. He was Kikito no more!

II.

THE prince Shomika rode over the bridge. He looked like a man half asleep. He was not dreaming, though it might almost be imagined for a moment such was the case. Something indistinct and uncertain there was, it is true, in that prince's mind about a certain peasant called Kikito, who somehow or other he seemed to have a familiarity with, that kept running through his brain. This he endeavoured to shake off, and to fix his thoughts on the weighty matters of high policy on which he was bound. At first with little success. The last interview he had with the Mikado, the necessity of winning over to the Imperial cause some powerful malcontent nobles, the high price he would have

to pay for some rare jewels which he had bought for a favourite lady of his household, all seemed mixed and jumbled up with this mysterious peasant's fears for his miserable rice harvest, the next advent of the taxgatherer, and whether or no there would be sufficient fish for supper. "Surely," the prince thought, "I am bewitched." He looked up, and lo! seated on the hillside above him, was a figure that seemed to awaken in his breast strange chords of memory. Where could he have seen this man before? Why should a mighty prince like himself give a thought to such a one as yonder boor. The prince could not make it out. The very landscape around had a strange familiarity, though as far as he knew he had never been in the locality before. Altogether he felt as one who has awakened from a long sleep, and had not as yet entirely separated the world of fancy from that of reality.

They had now all crossed the bridge, and, turning to the right, they skirted round the hill on which the prince had noticed the peasant. After riding in silence for some time, one of the horsemen asked the prince if some of the escort should ride on in front to the nearest town to make ready fit reception for his highness. This question was answered by the prince without difficulty, but the peculiar and amazing fact that was forcing itself on his mind was this, that until questions were asked or until events took place, he was absolutely ignorant of matters about which he thereon became fully and perfectly acquainted! He answered that he would not stay at the town they were nearing more than two or three hours; but before that, he was not aware of any such resolution, nor indeed of the very name of the town! This agitated him profoundly, but how much more was he troubled when he realised that he did not actually know his own name! With all the concentration of purpose that he could command, he dwelt on this, and lo, like a light seen from afar off, his name, Shomika, flashed on him.

"Surely," he thought once more, "I am bewitched. A demon of forgetfulness has taken possession of me. But it seems that I have a remedy. I can compel my mind to remember. I have but to think hard, and light breaks in on me from all quarters."

And so it was. But, as Shomika soon proved, the knowledge thus gained quickly dispelled all the easy feeling of careless content and idle curiosity that he felt a few moments ago. Cares and troubles, doubts and difficulties, hopes and fears, came crowding thick upon his soul. Regrets for the past and anxieties for the future harassed his mind, gradually resolving themselves into the pressing dangers and risks that surrounded his present mission. But present always and ever during all his thoughts, mixed up most strangely and ludicrously with every matter, was the personality of a certain peasant whose name was Kikito. Do what he would, this Kikito would not go away. Other thoughts would render him sometimes indistinct, but still there he was, and when Shomika's mind was less engaged, back he came vivid and clear, so that to get rid of him the prince was fain to fall back more closely on the troubles of his mission and his rank.

Arrived at the town where he proposed to halt, he was received by the chief Daimio of the place, and conducted with much formality to where a most costly repast was awaiting him. But before he was seated one of his troop came up to him and said in a low voice, "Is it your highness's wish that the treasure be brought in, or shall it remain under charge of the guard outside?"

"Treasure! What treasure?" said Shomika.

The officer looked at him with amazement. But before he could reply, all about this treasure had come clearly before the prince's mind.

"Oh," he said, "take the usual precautions. Do not trouble me."

The officer gone, "How could I forget that vast sum of money," he thought, and then; "How such as Kikito would envy the man possessed of such wealth."

Kikito, always Kikito! He then partook with much formality of the food that his entertainers had provided for himself and the officers and ladies of his suite. One very handsome lady he found himself regarding for some moments fixedly, before he realised that she was his wife! He wondered why she looked so ill-tempered, and immediately remembered that matter of the diamonds



HE WONDERED WHY SHE LOOKED SO ILL-TEMPERED.

which he had given to adorn another beauty than hers. And so it went on. Every face, every incident, was bringing up some fresh complication in his mind, and still he kept looking up from the sea of troubles that was overwhelming him, to a

figure seated on a hillside, happy, careless, and content. He was roused from a moody reverie by the princess his wife demanding a few words with him in private. With an ill grace he consented, and had then to listen to some long and bitter reproaches, ending in a demand that he would send the lady back to her parents, together with the wealth which she had brought on her marriage. Apologies and remonstrances were alike in vain. The lady would not be conciliated, and she left him in a worse temper than she had come. "I am treated by you," she exclaimed, "with the greatest contempt. You cover me with indignity. I am of more noble family than yourself, but, were I the wife of some low caste common fellow, I would be happier than I am with you." The wretched prince made no reply, but thought that in all probability she was right, and that he too would be the gainer were he to have for his wife some humble woman such as the unknown Kikito doubtless possessed.

That evening the prince travelled fast and far, and halted about midnight at the city of Ouji. He retired to sleep at once, and then in his sleep a vision came to him. A fat, jolly, laughing, contented-looking old man stood before him. In his eyes there was a mocking look of recognition.

"Do you not know me?" he said to the puzzled Shomika.

"I know you not, in truth," returned the prince. "Your eyes seem not quite strange to me, but I never have had the pleasure of seeing you, as far as I am aware of."

"I am changed, no doubt," was the rejoinder; "but surely you recognise Daikoku, the god of wealth."

"All have heard of your highness," said Shomika, "I with others; but I have never yet had the high honour of looking on your face."

At this the jolly god laughed as if he would have died. Loud and long he laughed, and ceased only to take breath and begin again. The prince felt more and more surprised, and not a little foolish.

"Oh the ingratitude of men," at last exclaimed Daikoku, shaking his head from side to side, "princes especially! Now I warrant my poor friend Kikito would not forget me thus, oh no! And yet I did nothing for Kikito, did I? Perhaps if I had made him a prince, given him wealth, power, rank, wives and servants, he too would have forgotten me."

Saying this he fixed his eyes on the prince as if he would look into his very soul.

"I understand nothing of what you mean," at length Shomika said. "But you are a god, and know what is hidden from mortals. Tell me, I beg of you, who is this Kikito, that he is ever in my thoughts? He and his paltry surroundings mixed up with great and important affairs with which he can have no concern."

A fresh fit of laughter seemed about to convulse the god of wealth, but, restraining himself with difficulty, he reached out his hand to Shomika, saying, "Come with me, and I will explain to you this riddle." No sooner had their hands met than they rose noiselessly through the house to a vast height, and then were borne swiftly through the air

till they alighted soft as feathers beneath some trees on a hill.

"You want to know who is Kikito," said the god. "Know then, that you are yourself the man!"

He placed his hands, one on the brow, the other on the breast of the prince, and at once all was changed. He himself shrank into a withered, unhappy old man. The clouds, the doubts, the uncertain half memories all rolled away from Shomika's mind. The prince and his affairs vanished away, and Kikito, his life, his wife and his family, were once more the important things of the world! His house stood before him: he could see all the interior by the magic aid of the god. It was night. The dim lantern showed him his Susito and his children. The latter were asleep, but not so his own dear wife; her eyes were open, and he could see that she was weeping silently. He would fain have rushed forward, but Daikoku withdrew his hands which all the time he had kept in the position mentioned, and the god stood fat and jolly, laughing before him. The two lives lay spread out like pictured rolls before his eyes. That of the prince which he was, and that of the peasant which he had ceased to be.

"I hope you are satisfied with the change," said Daikoku. "I am. That content and peace of mind which I bought of you has changed me from the gloomy personage you first saw to the merry fellow I now am. I will now say good-bye, but every now and then I will come to see you, and have a good laugh at you, for I vow I could laugh at your long face for the length of a summer's day." So saying, he vanished, and the prince awoke.

This unhappy man now knew the fate that had befallen him. Not one, but two lives, of Kikito and Shomika, were revealed to him. It were useless to make known his miserable secret to any one. Who would believe such a tale? Would he not be looked on as a madman? Evidently he must go on to the end, unless he could induce the god to restore him to his own existence again.

The next day it was necessary that he should have long interviews with some of the great nobles of Japan, and endeavour to win them over to a course of action that was justly regarded as most injurious to the nobility of the land. If he failed he knew that his reception from the Emperor would be disgrace and dismissal, if indeed his head would be left on his shoulders. If he succeeded, he was aware that all his brother nobles would look on him as having dealt a fatal blow at the power and privileges of his order. The bad news was then brought to him that the treasure chest had been broken open in the night, and much of its contents stolen. Nor did he fail to learn that the general opinion was that he had been remiss in his vigilance as to its proper guardianship. He would have to make good the loss out of his own resources, and the execution of the negligent soldiers who had been on duty at the time was a small satisfaction when he had to own to his own carelessness. Then his wife had taken all her women and her belongings, and was gone back to her parents, who were high in favour at court, so that on his return he might expect to meet an army of private as well as public troubles.

For several days Shomika, with his officers, secretaries, and messengers, were engaged on the most difficult diplomatic task that a statesman could be called on to deal with. Every means at his disposal, and they were unlimited, were tried to ensure success and avoid what must lead to insurrection, but all in vain. The nobles were firm in a just cause, and on the fourth day Shomika, worn out, weary, and baffled, prepared to face an angry and disappointed master, as the bearer of the worst tidings that could well be borne to a ruler, surrender or civil war. It would be a difficult task to describe what Shomika's feelings were as he came in sight of that hill, stream, and bridge, where, as Kikito, he had spent so many quiet, uneventful days. He looked up at the house, cosy and covered with climbing flowers, where he had slept the dreamless sleep that only a mind at ease can ever enjoy.

Repressing the longing he felt to alight and inquire as to his Susito and his youngsters, he rode on, and in all Japan no man at that hour felt more miserable than he. On arriving at court the prince soon found his worst fears realised. After the first interview, in which he made known his failure, the Emperor refused to receive him. Important events were taking place in which he had no share, and finally, when the party hostile to himself got the ascendancy at court, he found himself one morning awakened by an officer at his bedside, who informed him that it was the Emperor's pleasure that he should be straightway conveyed to prison. Silent and unresisting, Shomika was led away, and ten days later was informed that he was to be sentenced to death; but that the Emperor had sent him a jewelled and sacred sword, a masterpiece from the hands of Miochin, with the aid of which there was no doubt he would be glad to anticipate the executioner.

"And this is to be the end," sighed the unfortunate prince. "Well, so be it; at least I can leave some of the demon Daikoku's wealth to my Susito, and so keep her from want, now that Kikito can fish and toil for her no more."

Some bitter tears he shed, and indeed his misery would have softened the heart of a stone. Anything more unsuitable than a mocking laugh in that gloomy chamber could not be imagined. But laughter hearty and long caused the condemned man to look up, and, behold! Daikoku was there, his great round paunch shaking with mirth.

"Well, Mr. Kikito Shomika, or Shomika Kikito, or whatever you call yourself, what is the matter now? Still not content, eh? Truly a thankless fellow are you. As pauper or as prince, always dissatisfied! Such a splendid sword too! If there is to be any fun with the sword, let your old friend Daikoku see the play, ha! ha! ha!" and the demon laughed louder than ever.

"Oh, heaven above," cried the poor prince, "can it be permitted that such cruel mockery is to be inflicted on one about to die! Is there no mercy on high, or punishment for this inhuman cruelty?"

The room, or rather cell, was dark, being only lighted by one barred window, but all at once a gentle light, soft and silvery, began to disperse the gloom. It floated about at first like a cloud,

gradually condensed, and finally took the shape of a bright and beautiful woman, with mild benignant eyes. The prisoner was wellnigh past being surprised at anything, so strange had been his recent experiences, but something in this new visitor's appearance fell soothingly on his soul, so that he was almost prepared for the words in which she addressed him.

"You have called on my name," she said; "I am Kwan-non, the goddess of mercy. Why have you called on me?"



"I HAVE MADE A GOOD BARGAIN," SAID THE GOD OF WEALTH.

"I am the most wretched amongst men," answered Shomika. "Misfortune has driven me to the last extremity, death, from which there is no escape for me. I have brought it on myself, and therefore do not repine. But that evil and vindictive power which was the principal worker of all my woe, not satisfied with his fatal work, never ceases to embitter even my last hours with his hateful hilarity and his mocking presence. Driven to despair I ventured to appeal, almost without hope, to your name, O goddess. If I can claim the least portion of that blest quality which is all your own, I ask only that this hateful presence be removed from adding a deeper bitterness to death."

Kwan-non turned to Daikoku, whose mirth had ceased, and who looked indeed most mean and contemptible as well as uncomfortable under the gentle gaze of the goddess.

"I know," she said, "the nature of the bargain into which you have entrapped this foolish man. Quite useless I also know it would be to ask you to undo the past and restore to him that inestimable treasure for which through long ages you have sought in vain!"

"Quite useless," muttered Daikoku.

"I have no power to compel you," continued the

goddess more sternly; "retain your present form then, and that quality of content, which is your only redeeming feature; but over the destiny of this mortal I have been given full power. Your influence over him ceases from the present. Therefore begone at once and leave me to undo, as far as may be, your baneful work."

"Willingly," said the god of wealth. "I was lean, I am fat; I was miserable, I am happy; I was mournful, I am merry. I have made a good bargain. Farewell." So he disappeared, with a last laugh at Shomika, who heeded him little, for all his attention was fixed on Kwan-non, and some gleam of hope was arising in his breast.

"Listen to what has been decreed for you," she said. "You shall be Kikito once again!"—with clasped hands the prisoner fell on his knees—"but before that you shall have to suffer the agony of death in the body of that prince in which your spirit now dwells. Once restored to your former condition all this shall come back to you only as a dim-remembered dream. Your mind shall be wellnigh a blank. Beware then how you live—that you murmur not at your lot in life. You shall have the choice of cultivating content, or nourishing a covetous and moody nature. If you choose the wrong path your punishment shall be swift and sure. To encourage you in the right I shall sometimes visit you. Are you content?"

Shomika replied, "I am well content: but this prince whose power and person I have usurped, has he not taken my place? Surely no punishment ought to accrue to him."

"Fear not, and trouble not yourself about what you can scarce understand," was the rejoinder. "That prince's spirit is long since happy. He died suddenly and unnoticed at that bridge, and on the moment when the spirit of Kikito entered his body. This was known beforehand to the wily Daikoku, and he arranged his plans accordingly. Now pre-

pare," continued Kwan-non. Have courage, and all will be well!"

"I trust you in all things," said the condemned man, and he bowed his head and covered it with his robe. The goddess looked steadily at him, reached forth her hand, and took the jewelled sword.

What strange tragedy took place in that cell will never be known. But when in the morning the guards opened the door, the body of the great Daimio Shomika was found stiff and cold, pierced through the heart by that bright blade, the last gift of the Emperor to his ambassador.

They are very pleasant, the glad sunshine on the far stretching plain, the gentle breeze on the hillside as it murmurs amongst the lofty trees, and the silvery shining of the distant river. So thought Kikito as he slowly and gradually awoke from dreams more terrible than death. Was it all a dream? He feared to question his own soul. More than ever did he fear when his beloved Susito threw herself in tears on his breast, and asked him how he could have so long abandoned her, whither had he gone and for what reason? Neither to her nor to himself was the matter ever made clear. Only when some days afterwards, while sitting fishing by the stream, a talkative traveller related to him the great events that had taken place at court between the Emperor and the nobles, did some troublesome, vague glimmering of the truth come to him; but when the incidents of the death of the prince Shomika were told him a pain sharp as a knife went through his heart. This passed away, but henceforth more sober and silent than ever was Kikito. Sober and silent, but not all unhappy, and no one from that day ever spoke of him as Kikito, *the man who was not content.*



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

THE generous gift of pictures to London, Manchester, and Liverpool have in all cases received grateful recognition. The event called forth recently an article in the "Daily Telegraph" by Mr. G. A. Sala (*ex pede Herculem*—only he could have written such an article) in which reference was made to Sir John Gilbert's early contributions of wood drawings to the "Leisure Hour" and the periodicals of the Religious Tract Society. It may be interesting to give one or two anecdotes and letters about this, which are most honourable to the veteran artist.



I once went down to Wilmington in Kent, where he lived in 1860, along with the late Mr. Cross, who had been the first to obtain the help of Mr. Gilbert for an earlier paper called "The Visitor." It was that periodical which Dr. Livingstone mentions in his autobiography as having been the delight of his boyhood. I took down with me four wood-blocks (Wells's best boxwood) and four chapters of a serial for the "Leisure Hour." Mr. Gilbert said that if I liked to wait he would let me take the drawings away with me.

It was a lovely day and a pleasant garden, so we were nothing loth to make a holiday. The artist sent out to an arbour in the garden refreshments of most acceptable sort. The four drawings were carried off in the evening, with warmest thanks to the kind artist.

Mr. Sala says that the "price of an ancient drawing on wood by John Gilbert would be now beyond reckoning!" But alas! nothing from his pencil was ever kept a day.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Sala, "while the wood-engravings executed from his designs have been preserved, the exquisitely finished pencil drawings have themselves perished, since, when Sir John Gilbert was a draughtsman

in black and white, the artist drew directly with a hard lead pencil on the block, and the design was subsequently and inevitably obliterated by the burin of the engraver. In these days there are multifarious 'processes' for dispensing with xylography; and wood-engraving has to a large extent been superseded by devices more or less of an electrotypic order; while even in the case of engraving on wood the design is photographed on to the block from the artist's drawing, which usually remains his property. An unengraved block of boxwood bearing a drawing with the pencil of Gilbert would indeed be a precious boon; and it is just possible, although not very probable, that the artist may have preserved such a memento of the industry of his youth. There is a well-known story of the renowned French draughtsman Gavarni being commissioned to execute a certain drawing on wood. The engraver called for it at a given hour, and the artist brought the block downstairs himself. He turned it round and round, looked at it with pardonable complacency, and observing, 'He is too good to cut; I shall have him framed,' quietly went upstairs again, block in hand, and left the engraver in the hall, like Lord Ullin in the ballad, lamenting."

Mr. Gilbert continued to work for the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" till sight began to fail. The following letter is dated from

"Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath.
May 24, 1873.

"Dear Doctor Macaulay,—I thank you for your kind letter. Long cessation from the practice of drawing minutely on wood, and constant employment of my time in work of a very different character, has apparently made such an alteration in my eyesight, that I find, by a trial made a week or two since, I cannot see to make a drawing on wood. . . ."

The rest of the letter refers to other matters, and telling where I would find a drawing of a subject suggested to him. But I must also mention a most generous and notable fact in his character. At a time when he could ask and could get any price for a drawing on wood, he never charged more than five guineas to the Religious Tract Society, and said that it was because his first employment as a draughtsman was by that Society.

Here is another letter to Dr. Macaulay, from Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, February 26, 1880:

"I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the 'Leisure Hour,' where I had the gratifying surprise of finding a portrait and memoir of myself, wherein is set down in my favour and honour more than I would have imagined could have been said. I confess that it gave me pleasure, and at the same time cause for reflection, and deep thankfulness for the inestimable blessing of health and many and constant mercies.

"The gentleman to whom I am indebted for so flattering a notice seems—judging from what is said in one place—to have known me and what I was doing in those hardworking days when my head was perpetually on the block!

"I beg the favour of your presenting my best thanks to him."

"The many years in which I was connected with the Tract Society, my weekly Thursday visits, and the kindly courtesy I always received from those gentlemen with whom

¹ The portrait and memoir appeared at the time of Sir John Gilbert being knighted. To Mr. Edward Whymper, and to my colleague, Mr. W. Stevens, the thanks were due which are here so warmly and gracefully expressed. Mr. E. Whymper wrote that Memoir and supplied that portrait.

I had business there is still, and always will be, a pleasant memory."

Another interesting point to mention is a series of paintings, the subjects of which were chosen by the Editor, and entrusted to Mr. Edward Whymper, the celebrated traveller and accomplished artist, who has for above thirty years been an ally in conducting the "Leisure Hour." The first application was met with a letter of doubtful import. He thus wrote:

"Wilmington.

"My dear Sir,—I wish I had as much hope of a successful result in the colour-printing as you have, but I have tried it and tried it again, and the end has been disappointment.

"I don't know whether you have seen the volume of 'Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets,' published last Christmas. In it you will see twelve pictures in colours in imitation of my original drawings. They were done by —, one of the most experienced of chromo-lithographers, and at a very considerable cost, and certainly they give me no pleasure to look at.

"Still, if you particularly desire it, I will do one drawing, and we will see how the print turns out.

"James Macaulay, Esq."

The subjects sent were:

"The Sailor's Return."

"The Village Blacksmith" (Longfellow).

"Napoleon and the English Sailor Boy" (Campbell).

"Galileo visited by Milton."

"The Woodman and his Dog" (Cowper).

Mr. Gilbert wrote that Mr. Whymper was so sanguine of success in imitating Cowper's "Woodman" that he would wait to see what it turned out before trying a second. "This," he said, "is the only drawing in colours yet done by me."

It proved so successful and so satisfactory to Mr. Gilbert that he did the whole series, which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" volumes of about thirty years ago. They were scarcely appreciated by the common herd of people, who preferred vulgar, tawdry colours to artistic pictures. A subsequent letter expressed Sir John Gilbert's thorough approval of these reproductions.

Much will be said about the paintings of Sir John Gilbert, so munificently given. His first water-colour drawing was exhibited at the Suffolk Street Gallery before the accession of Queen Victoria. Since 1871 he has been President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. He has been a Royal Academician for many a year, and Burlington House has had a succession of noble oil paintings. But this reference to his early work as an artist in black and white, and his first successful colour-prints for periodicals, will please many who honour and love him.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

THE ONLY LIKENESS OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE BUST IN THE CHURCH OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

IN the latest local guide to Stratford-on-Avon, issued by Mr. Fox, a list is given of the various Shakespeare portraits. As this Guide, sold for one penny, is likely to have a very wide circulation, it may be well to say that not one of the portraits there mentioned has good claims to be authentic. In the fifth edition of Mr. Halliwell Phillips's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," published by Longmans in 1885, we read (p. 250):

"The Stratford effigy and this engraving (the frontispiece in the first folio edition) are the only unquestionably authentic representations of the living Shakespeare that are known to exist; not one of the numerous others, for which claims to the distinction have been advanced, having an evidential pedigree of a satisfactory character."

This is a very decided opinion from a man who knew the schemes of dealers and the tricks of salesmen to give notoriety to pictures. But he is wrong in his remarks about the first folio portrait. It is certain that the lines of Ben Jonson appearing to vouch for the likeness in the title-page of the printed book are of no value as authentication. The print of Droeshout has no resemblance to the features of the effigy, and the lines were merely written in order to gratify the publishers of the first folio. Ben Jonson had no knowledge of graphic art, and the miserable style of the drawing proves that it could not have been a portrait. Here are the lines:—

"This figure that thou here seest put,

It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;

Wherein the Graver had a strife

With nature, to outdo the life.

Oh, could he but have drawn his wit

As well in brass as he hath hit

His face; the print would then surpass

All that was ever writ in brass.

But since he cannot, reader, look

Not on his picture, but his book."

B. J.

This vague allusion to the picture by one who probably only took a hasty look at the engraving, if he even did this, is no testimony to the accuracy of what professed to be a likeness, though it is in every feature utterly unlike the effigy at Stratford.

Successive processes of cleaning and painting and restoration have made the effigy anything but an attractive object, yet we know that the form and proportion of the features are unchanged. Mr. Halliwell Phillips scarcely seems to have known of the careful examination of the effigy in 1814, and few Shakespeareans are aware of the facts now to be recorded. They are given in some detail in the autobiography of Mr. Britton, architect and archaeologist, but that work, published by subscription, is not now known to many. Scattered references are also to be found in the journals of that time, and in the biographies of contemporary sculptors

and painters. Putting all these together, the following statement is presented, in proof of the bust in the church being a true portrait, and in fact the only authentic likeness now extant. As early as 1625, Leonard Digges, in his poem praising the works of Shakespeare, refers to the monument at Stratford as then well-known, and he contrasts the published works with the effigy :

"Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works ; thy works by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

In the year 1814 the effigy was taken down from its place in the chancel, and minutely examined by William Bullock, F.L.S., the celebrated traveller, and proprietor of the "London Museum"¹ of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. He came with a letter to Mr. Wheler, the historian of Stratford, who readily obtained from the Rev. Dr. Davenport, then the vicar, and the local authorities, permission for the examination. This proved a much more tedious and difficult process than had at first been anticipated. Instead of one day's work, Mr. Bullock found it necessary to employ four or five days. But he says, in a letter written in December 1814 :

"Notwithstanding the difficulty of the undertaking, and the unfavourable time of the year, I hope to accomplish my task. It is a fine work of art, and I perceive on the face evident signs of its being taken from a cast, which at once stamps the validity of its being a real likeness."

With great care the figure was replaced, after a cast of the face had been obtained. It was a great relief when the effigy was safely back in its place, and the scaffolding cleared away, those who were present declaring that it would be risking its destruction ever to remove it again.

Soon after Mr. Bullock's return to London he was asked to breakfast at Mr. Britton's house in Tenterden Street. On that occasion he met Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, Dr. Spurzheim, and Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Bullock brought the cast he had made from the bust. Of course, the phrenologist had much to say of the special peculiarities of the head. Mr. West gave his views in more rational and practical strain. He spoke of the features—the eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, the hair and moustache—all of which, he was satisfied, were modelled after nature, and had no appearance of being according to the fancy of the sculptor or from mere recollection of the poet. Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott was delighted with the whole affair, giving his opinion in most enthusiastic way, and quoting passage after passage from Shakespeare. On being asked to look more closely at the bust, he spoke of the lofty forehead, the elevated crown, the simple pleasing expression of the lips, but he thought there must be some error in the abnormal space between the nose and the upper lip. Bullock looked, and then turning to

Scott, said, "Why, your face has the same peculiarity which you think unnatural!" Scott still doubted ; so a pair of compasses was brought, and it was found on measurement that Scott's face exceeded that of Shakespeare in this feature. Mr. Bullock persuaded Scott to have a cast of his head to be made that day, and it was the beginning of an intimate association between the traveller and the author. Scott asked him to come to Abbotsford to arrange and decorate the library there, in a niche of which a cast of the Stratford bust was placed.

Chantrey's famous bust of Scott was not executed till a later period ; but when they were together Scott told about the Shakespeare bust, and Chantrey said he had not the slightest doubt but that it had been taken from a cast after death, and was a genuine portrait.

The mystery remained as to how the sculptor could have obtained the cast, and what artist could have executed so fine a work of art. It was not till six years after Mr. Bullock's examination of the bust that the discovery was made, in 1820, of an entry in one of Sir William Dugdale's unpublished memorandum books—"Shakespeare's and John Combe's monuments at Stratford-sup^r-Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson."

Here the clue was given, and all the world knows now the history of the once famous and popular "tomb-maker," son of a Hollander from Amsterdam, who appeared in a list of "stranger-foreigners" in London in the year 1593. The son, Gerard, born in England, carried on the business of the father, and was much employed by the wealthy of that period to execute portrait-likenesses as memorials. It was the fashion at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and there are now known to be fine specimens still preserved in London and elsewhere.

To mention one only. Many years ago I was at St. Albans on a fête day, when a new peal of bells was placed in one of the churches. There was a large gathering of noted bell-ringers, and great was the excitement of the holiday. In the quiet evening I thought I should like to see the church at Verulam which was said to contain a statue of Lord Bacon. With some difficulty I found the verger, and got admission into the old church. There I saw, with silent admiration, the effigy of the great Chancellor—SIC SEDEBAT—evidently placed there as a true portrait by the same artist's hand which had sculptured the monument of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.

But still the wonder remains how Gerard Johnson got the likeness for his Stratford bust. The entry in Dugdale's note-book explains this. Old John Combe, rich and usurious, died in 1614 at the age of eighty, and in his will he directed that an *effigies* should be placed over his remains within twelve months, which was done. Shakespeare died in 1616, and his son-in-law, Hall, resolved to have the effigy moulded and sculptured by the same artist. The importance of William Shakespeare, as the owner of New Place, where he then resided, made his burial in the chancel a matter of course, and Hall was a man who was prompt to honour his father-in-law and his dear wife in every

¹ Mr. Bullock's Museum, commenced at Liverpool, and removed to London some years later, was estimated to have cost above £30,000. In 1819 the whole of the contents were sold by auction, and produced about £1,000. Mr. Bullock and his family went to reside at Cincinnati, Ohio.

possible way. He got a cast made from the face as it lay peacefully in death, and having to go up to London soon, he took the cast with him, and gave it to Gerard Johnson, whose house and workshop were not far from the familiar Globe Theatre. In due time the effigy came to Stratford, and the likeness must have been good when approved by a man like Dr. Hall. It was coloured, according to the custom of the times, in imitation of the countenance, hair, and costume of the poet. So it remained for about 120 years, when it was repaired, in 1748, by Mr. John Ward, grandfather of Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. The colouring was retained, and the figure remained in this condition during the famous Jubilee season associated with Garrick and Boswell, and described by Cowper in his poems.

In 1793 a very different "restoration" was made. Mr. Malone persuaded the Stratford authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, to cover the face with thick white paint, as the painted face was expressive of pertness, and very different from "the placid expression and thoughtful gravity so perceptible in his original portrait (Droeshout's frontispiece?), and the best prints."

In 1861 there was an attempt to restore the original colouring. Of subsequent "improvements" and "restorations" I forbear to speak, as being foreign from the present purpose of establishing the authenticity of the bust. In fact, little reference has been made to the proceedings of 1814, though this was the most interesting of any fact yet recorded about the monument. It used, for instance, to be thought that the stone of the effigy came from Wilmcote or other Midland counties' quarry. Mr. Bullock ascertained it to be either Portland or Bath freestone, such as the Southwark tomb-maker was likely to employ in London.

It only remains to say a word about John Hall, who was the worthy husband of the poet's eldest and favourite daughter. He was a man immensely superior to most of the poor-spirited people among whom he lived. A man of good family, he had travelled, as was usual with young men of that position, on the continent, and was a proficient in the French as well as Latin tongue. He had studied medicine at different schools. Having an M.A. degree he had not that also of M.D., but this did not affect his position as a general practitioner, nor hinder his rising to great eminence in his profession. The date of his first arrival at Stratford is not known, but from the absence of any notice of him in the local records before his

marriage, we presume that his engagement to Susanna Shakespeare fixed his residence there. His name is found several times in 1611 and 1612, the latter occasion referring to the lease of a small piece of wooded land on the outskirts of the town. His medical practice occupied his time fully. At a later period he seems to have been on no friendly terms with the Corporation. In 1617 and in 1633 he was elected a burgess, and, declining to serve on account of his professional occupation, the fine was exacted in a discourteous manner, the dispute culminating in a civic resolution of unusual severity passed in 1633, wherein it is recorded that Dr. John Hall is displaced from being a capitall burgess, by the voices and consent of nineteen of the Company, for breach of orders and sundry other misdemeanours. The whole affair is given in the notes of Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips's large book, the "Memoir of Shakespeare," p. 560.

Few things in the old church are more pleasing than the lines to Susanna Hall, by whomsoever they were written :—

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, Passenger, hast ne'er a teare
To weep with her that wept with all—
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial?
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a teare to shed."

Let the reader turn to the chapter on Stratford in Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England," and he will find thoughts about the life of Shakespeare at New Place, and about good Mistress Hall expressed in words of eloquence and genius.

To conclude with another fact about John Hall. His advice was sought not only by the chief people in the town and neighbourhood, but more than once he was summoned to attend the Earl and Countess of Northampton, both at Compton Wyniatas and at Ludlow Castle, a distance of over forty miles; no trifling journey in those days, when the doctor had to make his way on horseback along bridle-paths. It seems that he was a decided Protestant, and a true adherent of the Reformed faith, but the desire to have his medical advice outweighed all antipathy to him from mere worldlings on that score. His memory is grateful to us as having procured the monumental likeness of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.

GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, G.C.B.

LORD WOLSELEY has written a memoir of this great Indian soldier in the "United Service Magazine" for May 1893. He gives a summary of his distinguished services from his first going out, in 1841, with Lord Saltoun, "the defender of Huguenot," till the end of his career, when, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in China, he finished the last Chinese war.

He served throughout the two Sikh campaigns in 1846 and 1849; was in the thick of many a conflict during the time of the Mutiny, from the siege of Delhi to the relief of Lucknow; and he was the friend of Sir Colin Campbell, Henry Lawrence, Havelock, and all the noblest and best men of the Indian army. Lord Wolseley knew him well, as "having had the honour of serving on his staff."

Sir Hope Grant was the youngest son of F. Grant, Esq., of Kilgraston, Perthshire, and, as a true Scotchman, was "equally proud of his lineage and his country." An elder brother, Sir Francis Grant, was the much-honoured and popular President of the Royal Academy. Hope Grant entered the army at the age of eighteen, and joined the 9th Lancers at Glasgow. The regiment was a very expensive one, and his means, being a younger son, were limited. In fourteen years half of his portion of £10,000 had been spent, and he had been only able to manage the purchase of his troop. He then resolved to sell out, and with the remaining money, not £5,000, to embark in some more lucrative line of life. But the prospect of active service as a staff-officer altered this intention. He also realised the fact that life had duties as well as pleasures, and that there are other worthier objects than mere amusement to live for. A lady for whom all



through his career he had a most affectionate regard and friendship helped his own good resolutions, and turned his thoughts to spiritual things. With his energy and decision of natural character, he became a thorough Christian, and "showed his colours" manfully, while never losing his brightness and buoyancy of spirit.

On this retention of playful character Lord Wolseley bears a testimony, honourable to both the writer of the memoir and the subject of it. He says :

"During our voyage from Calcutta to Hong Kong in February 1860, our athletic sports on deck in the evening often ended in some rough play, in all of which he took his share like the youngest . . . I never met, I never heard of a general with a lighter heart or more youthful disposition, or more in touch with the young men under him. Full of fun and geniality, he was a gallant English gentleman in the very highest sense ; of childlike simplicity in thought and feeling, and indeed in all that he either said or did ; a man who would have sooner died than speak untruly, who bore no malice, and never spoke harshly of those whom he knew to be his enemies. Need I add that we were all devoted to him as a friend and companion, and believed in him thoroughly as a leader."

The improvement in the health and in the whole condition of the British soldier in India is due in large measure to Sir Hope Grant. He urged many of the reforms which Sir Charles Napier in vain had pointed out to the Court of Directors and to the Governors-General of India. In one season, 1840-41, the 1st Battalion of Scottish Rifles lost nine hundred men, and Sir Colin Campbell's regiment lost nearly as many, through the stupid retention of stiff leather stocks and black shakos, with tight-buttoned red cloth coats, under the tropical sun of the East ! The chief diet of the troops at that time was "salt junk" and "Navy biscuit," the routine rations doled out to Tommy Atkins in every part of the world.

Colonel Hope Grant could not change this mismanagement, but when the time arrived his personal influence made itself felt. It was not till 1850, having been then twenty-four years in the army, that he got the command of his regiment, without purchase. The Sikh war being ended, and the Punjab now annexed, Colonel Grant set himself to improve his own regiment. He got rid of some of the worst officers—gamblers and idlers—not without some trouble ; but they soon found he was not a man to be trifled with, and retired. The other officers supported their colonel, and the non-commissioned officers and most of the soldiers honoured and loved him. He soon brought the regiment to a state of perfection it had never before attained. It became known as "the best riding regiment in the army." Every trooper was a good horseman, and it was the delight of the colonel to manœuvre his regiment at a gallop across country in early morning ; while encouraging every sort of amusement and employment when in camp.

There are some old Indians who must remember that time. General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., himself a gallant soldier, is one of Sir Hope Grant's contemporaries ; and "Probyn's Horse," in the Chinese war of 1860, was a model native regiment, as well-officered and well-manned as the 9th Lancers itself had been in the heroic times of the great Mutiny. Lord Roberts, whose splendid career in the East has just closed, will be the readiest to acknowledge what was done in the Punjab and the North West by the Lawrences and by Sir Hope Grant before his time. The Sikhs and Ghorkhas were the most faithful and trusty of native troops in later times, and they will be the best allies of England in the future.

Lord Wolseley's brief memoir concludes by telling of the General's "unqualified and childlike faith in God." He was just such another in this respect as Charles Gordon.

"His Maker was always uppermost in his mind, and to Him he confided his cares, troubles, and difficulties, and to Him he looked at all times and under all circumstances for a way out of them. His trust was indeed in God, and I very much doubt if any man, even Abraham himself, ever had a more complete and practical faith in the Almighty. . . . In the later years of his life he suffered much from the most unfair and cruel misconstruction of his religious views. He felt this very much, for it partly came from a source from which he had looked for support in his endeavours to maintain discipline amongst all who had the great privilege to serve under him. I enjoyed that privilege for some years, and I am proud to acknowledge how much I am indebted for what he taught me in the practice of war.

"When upon his deathbed he saw an aide-de camp break down and burst into tears, he said, 'What's the matter, Bobby? why, death is only like going from one room into another.' So lived and died this remarkable soldier, of whom no truly good man was ever an enemy. He had spent most of his life in helping to build up and consolidate the Empire, of which he was proud, and of whose honour he was fiercely jealous. It may be truly said of him that he loved his God sincerely, and served his Queen with all his heart."

We are glad to learn from Lord Wolsley's memoir that a Life of Hope Grant is to be written by Colonel Henry Knollys, who had long been his

aide-de-camp, including a Diary kept by the General during the Mutiny.

In the "Sunday at Home," after his death, a memoir, with portrait, of which we give a reduced copy, appeared. It was there inserted by the special desire of Lady Hope Grant, who had been importuned for its publication elsewhere, but she wished it to be in the "Sunday at Home," which was "Sir Hope's favourite periodical, and one which he always read." That memoir, Lady Hope Grant adds in a letter to the Editor, "was written by a friend who knew Sir Hope well, and is already a contributor occasionally to your paper."

THE WORLD AS KNOWN FORTY YEARS AFTER COLUMBUS'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

WE have before us a curious map of the known world forty years after Columbus had made his celebrated first voyage of discovery. The map is in a rare geographical work written in Latin by Simon Grynaeus, entitled "Novus Orbis Regionum," published in Basle in 1532.

Grynaeus was a well-known geographer of the period, and was editor of several editions of the geographical works of Ptolemy. Part of the continent of North America, it may be observed, is depicted as a small island, marked "Terra Cortesia." It is named after Cortes the discoverer, but so far as we know he never went so far north. The discoveries of Columbus in the West Indies are indicated fairly well. The land marked "Terra de Cuba" is certainly a portion of the mainland, though it is difficult to imagine why the two oceans are connected by the narrow strip of water. Evidently this was a myth of the period.

In the south it may be observed that Cape Horn is fairly accurately laid down, though no vessels had as yet managed to pass round the cape. Indeed up till 1526 the South American continent was popularly supposed to form part of a vast continent extending to the South Pole. In 1526 it was first found there was water to the south of Terra del Fuego, and the discoveries of Drake in 1598 established this fact.

Cape Horn was first rounded by the Dutch navigators Le Maire and Schouten in January 1616, and received its name at their hands in honour of the town of "Hoorn" on the Zuyder Zee, of which place the patron of the expedition was a native.

It is curious to note that the Straits of Magellan were discovered in 1520, and used as the waterway into the Pacific, ninety-four years before Cape Horn was rounded.

The ship depicted on the map is interesting, the high bluff bows enabling her to ride lightly in a seaway. No doubt she is a prototype of the ship used by the adventurous Columbus and his companions, though the ships of Columbus are generally depicted with three masts.

To the right of the map, in the China seas, may

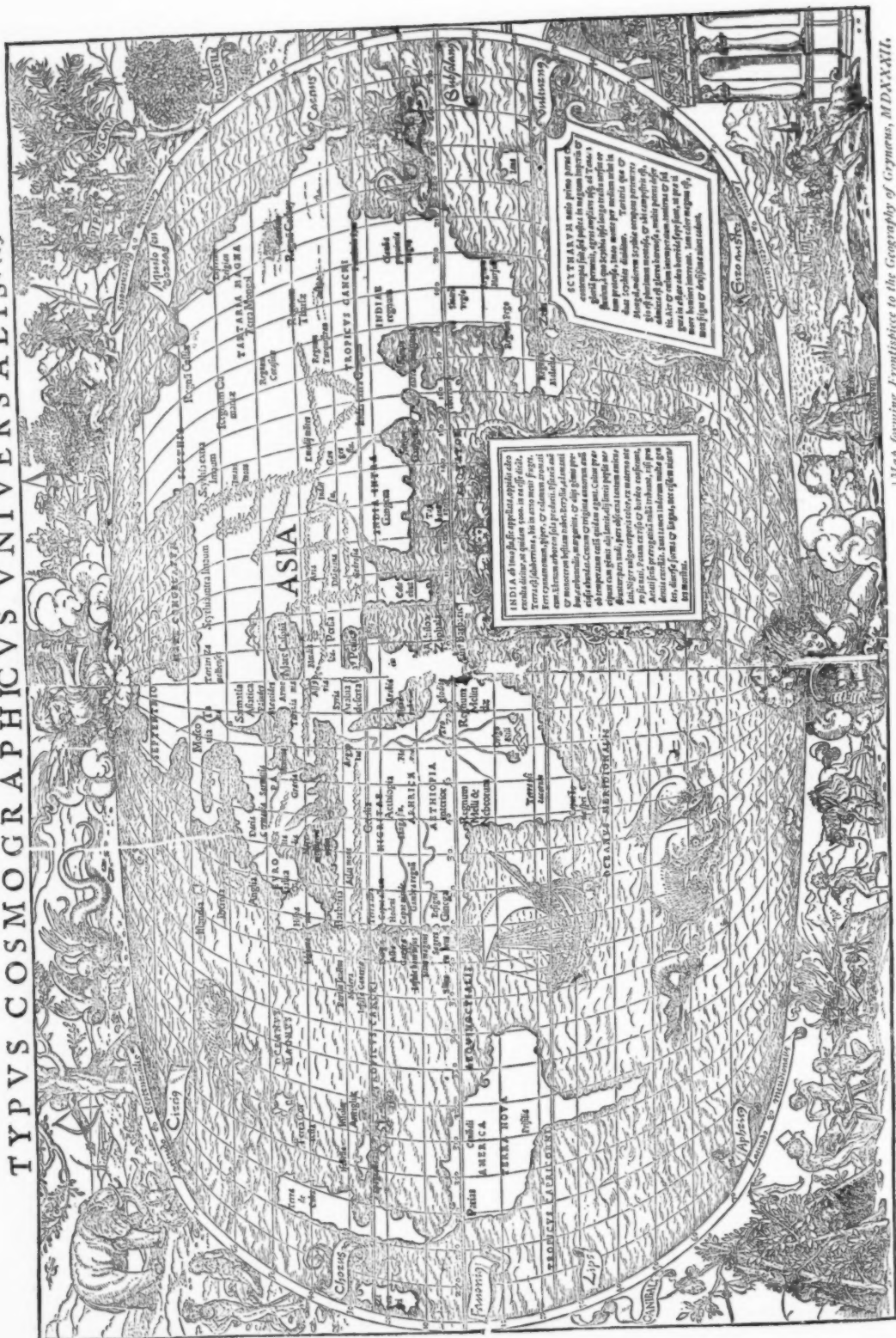
be observed a mermaid disporting herself. In the south are two highly picturesque dolphins, and in the Northern Seas is represented a curious fish, most probably the Greenland shark.

Now we turn to the engraved borders of the map. In the top left-hand corner may be observed two winged dragons, one of which is in the act of devouring a sheep, the elephant killing a man, and lastly the two wild men with enormously enlarged mouths, who were popularly supposed to kill and devour their fellow men—anthropophagi, as Milton and the classics called them. They are represented in that wonderful picture-book of the middle ages, the "Nuremberg Chronicle," published in 1493. The left-hand bottom corner represents a cannibalistic feast being prepared; some portions of the human anatomy are being boiled, others roasted, while another cannibal is bringing up two fresh victims tied by the hands and feet to the saddle of the horse.

In the right hand top corner is depicted a group which are probably Tartars, armed with their spears, bows and arrows. Lastly, in the right hand bottom corner may be observed a man dragging a refractory ram, presumably to be slaughtered.

This map must bring home to the observer the immense difficulties Columbus and the early navigators experienced in traversing the pathless tracks of the vast ocean. With ruder charts and more vaguely marked maps than this one at their disposal for guidance, we of the present day must always admire their daring and perseverance in setting out to explore unknown seas and lands. The date of the map of Grynaeus, as we have said, is 1532. Little help can have been given to Columbus, or Amerigo Vespucci, or the Cabots, or other navigators of those times, by any chart or map produced before the end of the fifteenth century. Still smaller could have been the aid given to the Icelanders and Norsemen who at an earlier period reached some parts of North America. Traditions survived of these Northern voyages, in song or in Saga (not unknown to Columbus), but nothing in shape of chart or map was ever attempted in those early times.

TYPVS COSMOGRAPHICVS VNIVERSALIS.



MAP OF THE WORLD FORTY YEARS AFTER COLUMBUS.

Map forming Frontispiece to the Geography of Gypsius, MDXXIII.

A curious story relating to a celebrated map may be mentioned here before concluding. A well-known firm of booksellers in Holland, a few years since, were asked to purchase a quantity of books in a small town on the Zuyder Zee. Their representative went there to the address given, which, by the way, was an old navigation school, where no doubt some of the celebrated old Dutch navigators received their training.

The books were purchased, and while being packed up, the packer wanted some old paper to fix the books more firmly. He asked permission to use a heap of waste paper lying in a corner. Of course, leave was readily granted, for he was told, if he did not use it thus, the rubbish would be burnt on the following day.

The books arrived at their destination and were unpacked, and the packing paper thrown on one

side. Curiosity, however, prompted a member of the firm to examine the heap of old paper, and looking through it carefully, he found a manuscript map, which after careful inspection proved to be the original map of Abel Jansen Tasman's voyage to New Zealand and Australia in 1642! This map was never published. The Dutch were very jealous of their discoveries becoming known to other nations, going as far at times as to publish fictitious maps in order to deceive the navigators of other nations.

It is difficult to estimate duly the value of this treasure thus accidentally discovered, for it is one of the earliest known maps of those regions.

It was eventually purchased by the French Government for £100, and has now found a fitting resting place in one of the museums in Paris, though most Englishmen will regret it did not find its way into our National Collection.

J. E.

SECOND THOUGHTS



A MEDLEY OF OPINION AND CRITICISM.

Importance of the Thumb.

Minus his thumbs, man would not be man. The hand plays a great part in perfecting the other senses, and the thumb may be described as the all-in-all of the hand. Its strength is equal to that of all the fingers, and a man deprived of both his thumbs would be almost incapable. It is from the thumbless man that we derive our notion of the poltroon. That word "poltroon" is from two Latin words, *pollice truncato*, "thumb cut off," it being once a practice of cowards to cut off their thumbs, that they might escape military service. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, says Sir C. Bell in his classical treatise on the hand, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and it is upon the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb that the superiority of the

human hand depends. Compare man's thumb with the ape's apology for one.—H.

Clubbing her.

It is noteworthy that the excellent and right praiseworthy practice of courtship has not always been the prelude to marriage. Nor is it always the prelude to marriage at this day. Few savage races have any idea of the process which we understand by courtship. In some tribes, imperfectly sophisticated, when a man decides that it is good for him to marry, he starts out with his club, descends upon some neighbouring tribe, and salutes the first maid he meets by bringing his club down on her head; then trails her home by the heels. This simple, impromptu method

enables the suitor to avoid much commonplace formality, but it also inspires the other sex with a determination to avoid marriage at all costs, and some philosophers have conjectured that the beautiful emotion of coyness—which is one of the strongest causes of love in men—is, in fact, a survival of the anxiety of primitive woman to escape the club of primitive man.—H.

Courtship
elsewhere.

There is no proper and gallant courtship of woman except where she is free and the social equal of man. Consequently it is amongst the English-speaking peoples, all the world over, that romantic love and courtship have flourished most freely, and have been most highly developed. In France there is no such thing as courtship amongst the higher classes. In Germany there is much more liberty in respect of social intercourse; but wooing, I believe, is seldom permitted until certain pecuniary questions have been settled to the satisfaction of parents on both sides. In Italy the process of ascertaining the young lady's inclinations is long and laborious. When you have at length succeeded in that, you ask her in marriage of her father, and when that request is granted nothing remains but to make the young lady's acquaintance. In Spain it is simply a terrible business. You get out your guitar, take up your station under her window, and begin serenading. You go on serenading nightly, wet or fine, for about seven years—at least, I have been told so by a man who said he had lived in Spain. At the end of seven years you are introduced to the family. You may find then that you have made a mistake, and you carry your guitar into the next street, and serenade under another balcony for another period of seven years!—H.

Our Opinions.

Are not our opinions partially manufactured outside of our minds, while our contributions amount to a few shreds of home-made material? Few persons, one would imagine, can suppose that their views on public or private matters are entirely original, although these few amongst us do seem to speak and act under the influence of this naïve and self-inflating idea. I do not think we need be ashamed of avowing that in the majority of cases we accept the bulk of our opinions from others, only contributing some enlargement or modification of the ideas received according to the bent or constitution of our own minds or to the teachings of our individual experience. And there, as it seems to me, lies the value of a personal judgment, conveyed by any sober-minded man, on public or private concerns. Politically, commercially, practically, the nucleus of such a man's opinion may be formed from reading the "Times," or the "Daily Telegraph," or any other paper to which he has access, while the objective element in that nucleus is further enlarged by intercourse with his fellow men.

But the radiations from that nucleus carry more or less of the luminosity which emanates from his

own understanding. The light may be small—the man is only of average capacity—but it is the infinitesimal rays that go to make up the sunlight, and in the domain of thought an independent judgment is not only of use in adding a tiny portion of light to the general illumination, but it also may produce a friction which shall further increase the amount of the latter. On its travels abroad, *his* independent judgment may meet with *yours*, and coming into collision with it, may create a blaze which shall strengthen the light, even at the risk of possible heat.

In private and social matters, the same man may have a body of opinions received from parents, teachers, friends, and books, but here again a fringe of outlying judgment encircles the whole, and he dares to think for himself, guided by his individual temperament, or the past experience of life.

A melancholy reflection arrests my pen. I have been over the borderland into Utopia. How few personal judgments are even faintly luminous! how rare are the cases where extra-mural independence of thought has real value for the world's daily life!—C. M. P.

Misuse of
Words.

Misuse of words arises from confusion of ideas, and, what is worse, perpetuates that confusion.—E. M. Y.

The Standard
of Duty.

Do I think that I am doing my duty as it ought to be done? Am I satisfied with my own performances? It shows, if so, that my standard of conduct is too low. It must be raised, and raised continually. Only thus can its natural tendency to sink be overcome.—E. M. Y.

Sleep.

Sleep, the "mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health," has had its praises sung by the poets in many a happy epithet. It is nature's soft nurse, the balm of hurt minds, the chief nourisher in life's feast, and the poor man's wealth. It is sore labour's bath, it shuts up sorrow's eye, it steeps in rich reward all suffering, and it is the image of our death, and it is death's twin brother.

In praising sleep, however, the poets omit to say how much their art promotes it. Not only has many a mere verser man been "sleepless himself to give his readers sleep," but a poet worthy of the name may exercise the same gentle influence. Neither the sound of falling waters, nor the hum of bees, nor the moan of doves is so conducive to sleep as the smoothly-flowing rhyme which soothes the ear without stimulating the brain. It must be admitted that Mr. Browning's verse is not fitted for this service, but he may be the exception that proves the rule. Sir Henry Holland recommended a course of sonnets to patients troubled with sleeplessness, and the remedy is worthy of a trial. It may be suggested, however, that fourteen lines are too few to act as a sedative, and that

when the sleepless person begins the recital of a second sonnet, the soothing influence of the first will have passed away. A continuity of ideas as well as of sound, is helpful to sleep, while abrupt changes like uncertain noises prevent it. It is the "linked sweetness long drawn out," that is most provocative of slumber.—J. D.

The Curse of Consistency.

You wanted to be consistent, as it is termed. You wanted to be true to your statement made at a certain period of your life, and under a certain set of conditions. These conditions failed, and in the effort not to change with them you failed miserably. Yes; it may be you lacked the power to adapt yourself to the conditions around you, that were slowly changing—perhaps unperceived by you—and so, becoming gradually the unfit, you died in shame and confusion. Whereas, if you had braved the reproach of inconsistency, you would have worked smoothly with the Eternal Laws of Being, and have lived in honour and peace.—H. B. M. B.

Character in the Gait.

Gait is an important part of physical expression. By his gait a man tells us whether he is fresh or tired, strong or feeble, in good health or in bad. To some extent also gait denotes occupation. The upright and somewhat rigid walk of the soldier differs largely from the rather rolling gait of the sailor; and different from both of these is the slow, jolting gait of the country labourer, which, however, is partly accounted for by his clumsy and heavy boots. In the peculiarities of gait, again, an attentive eye discovers many moral qualities. "Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be; while, on the contrary, quick steps seem to speak of agitation and energy. Reflection is revealed in frequent pauses, and walking to and fro, backward and forward, the direction of the steps wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind, inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation, and indecision." It might ask too curious a knowledge to distinguish by their respective gaits the miser, the spendthrift, and the philanthropist; but the proud man is almost always known by his step, the vain man to some extent, and the obstinate man not a little.—H.

To see God.

When the sun shines; when the nations are at peace; when the ears of corn are full, and the poor rate low; when hand is held out to hand in brotherly greeting; then is it easy to see God. But when earth and sky are torn with the conflict of thunder and hurricane; when the corn lies rotting on the ground; when strong willing hands are asking work and can find none, and the wife and child are at home destitute; when millions of armed men with the wild beast in their hearts are longing to kill each other; when the strong man bereft of sense from the deadly drink comes home to kick

the patient wife to death; when destitution or a nation's hypocrisy makes the young mother kill her child born of love or of natural passion—then does it require a wider knowledge and deeper insight to see God.—H. B. M. B.

Nunc Dimittis. Within a grey old church the solemn gloom

Gathers the while that evensong is said;
Save where one brilliant shaft from setting sun
Strikes west to east along the nave.
A cloud of glory seems to hang amidst
The stately arches, and the corbels grim
Find a strange beauty in the golden beam.
The glow falls like a halo round the head
Of one, a venerable man, who stands,
With face of calm, in chancel with the choir,
Joining their song.

But as the low soft notes
Of sweetest canticle arise and wind
Through lofty aisles, one voice is silent—his.
Instead, a sound, most clear and rich and full,
Yet soft, an all-pervading harmony—
Fills all the place. None but must hold his
breath,

And, spell-bound, listen to that wondrous strain.
Some seem a solemn, stately march to hear,
As of victorious armies conquering sin;
Some, a majestic chorus, and therein
Earth's discord-notes made heavenly harmony.

The bright gleam fades, the music dies away.
Without surprise or tear, so rapt are they,
His fellows see the chorister is dead;
Lives rather.—*Nunc Dimittis, Domine.*—E. M. V.

Philosophy in the Cells.

Visiting a great London prison not long ago, I asked one of the principal officers in what manner prisoners were usually affected who had just passed from the enjoyment of wealth or a good position in society to the ignominious seclusion of the cells. He informed me, what I was not altogether prepared to hear, that, as a general rule, the higher the class of prisoner, the more calmly and cheerfully he acquiesces in his fate. The "gentleman convict" rarely shows the white feather. To many, indeed, their reception into prison seems an almost welcome relief from the dreadful publicity of the dock, the anxieties of the trial, the torturing suspense concerning the verdict. Once the cell door is locked, there's an end of all that. The sense of degradation may be acute, the parting from family and friends bitter beyond words; but the worst that *could* come *has* come, and the worst must be made the best of. My informant, who is one of the first amongst the officers to see the new prisoners in their cells, told me that he himself had often been surprised to observe the serene philosophy of men newly sentenced, to whom penal servitude meant nothing less than utter social and pecuniary ruin. No tears, no outburst of wailing, no weak dejection, but a calm front, a steady voice, and a hearty submission to an unalterable situation.—H.

A FIT OF THE GOUT.

OF all English physicians, the highest name is that of Thomas Sydenham. Harvey is more distinguished on account of the part he took in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, but, as a practitioner, he was far less eminent than his contemporary Sydenham, whose works on fevers and other diseases are still of highest authority. All men honoured and respected him. During the Commonwealth, when the Lord Protector selected the best men in England for his council, Sydenham was among them. When the Plague was at its worst in London, Sydenham removed his family to the country, but he himself remained, "that by reason of the scarcity of better physicians," he modestly said, "he might assist those who had the disease."

But we mention him now on account of his treatise on the gout, which is considered a masterpiece of description. Unfortunately, he had to write from personal knowledge, being a sufferer from gout throughout most of his life. At the early age of twenty-five he was first attacked, and for more than thirty years had frequent returns of the disease. He thus describes an acute attack or fit of gout. The chemistry of the disease was not understood in those times, but the symptoms and effects were never more vividly recorded.

"Gout comes on a sudden towards the close of January or beginning of February, giving scarce any sign of its approach, except that the patient has been afflicted for some weeks before with a bad digestion, crudities of the stomach, flatulency and heaviness, gradually increasing till the fit begins.

"The patient goes to bed and sleeps quietly till about two in the morning, when he is awakened by a pain, which usually seizes the great toe, but sometimes the heel, the calf of the leg, or the ankle. The pain resembles that of a dislocated bone, and is attended with a sensation as if water just warm were poured upon the membranes, and these symptoms are immediately succeeded by a chilliness, shivering, and slight fever. The chilliness and shivering abate in proportion as the pain increases, which is mild in the beginning, but gradually grows more violent every hour and comes to its height towards evening, adapting itself to the numerous bones of the tarsus and metatarsus, the ligaments whereof it affects so as sometimes to resemble a tension or laceration of those ligaments, sometimes the gnawing of a dog, and sometimes a weight and coarctation or contraction of the membranes of the parts affected, which become so exquisitely painful as not to endure the weight of the clothes, nor the shaking of the room from a person walking quickly therein; and hence the night is not only passed in pain, but likewise with a restless removal of the part affected from one place to another, and a continual change of its posture.

"Nor does the perpetual restlessness of the whole body, which always accompanies the fit, especially in the beginning, fall short of the agitation of the gouty limb. Hence numberless fruitless endeavours are used to ease the pain by continually changing the situation of the body and the part affected, which abates not till about two or three in the morning, that is, till after twenty four hours from the first approach of the fit.

"If now the patient falls asleep, and upon waking finds the pain much abated and the part affected is found to be swelled, whereas before only a remarkable swelling of the veins thereof appeared, as is usual in all gouty fits.

"The next day, or perhaps two or three days afterwards,

the part affected will be somewhat pained, and the pains increase and remit toward break of day. What we call a fit of the gout is made up of a number of these small fits. At length the patient recovers, which in strong constitutions and such as seldom have the gout often happens in fourteen days; and in the aged, and in those who have frequent returns of the disease, in two months; but in such as more debilitated, either with age, or the long duration of the disorder, it does not go off till summer advances."

Much more Sydenham writes, with very graphic power and truth, when discussing the various kinds of gout—chronic, inveterate, atonic—spasmodic, or with complications, or when attacking not the feet only, but also the wrists, hands, elbows, or other parts of the body. But there could be no description more forcible of the usual fit of the gout, as it attacks the foot, or the feet—*podagra*, as physicians term it.

Of the causes of gout, whether immediate or remote, little was understood in Sydenham's days, and the treatment accordingly could only be general. In fact, down to the time of Abernethy there was the same uncertainty, as may be known by the famous reply of that eminent physician to one who asked "what is the cure for gout?" "Live on sixpence a day and earn it." Hard work and temperate living were the only known prophylactics. Sydenham's advice was to be "free from care; go early to bed; be much in the open air; live with the greatest moderation; clothe warmly; and ride on horseback." It used to be said that gout is chiefly a disease of those who indulge in good living; but it is certain that among the "London labouring class," as well as among the "London poor," it is not an infrequent disease, especially where much porter is imbibed.

It is now ascertained that the immediate cause of gout is an excess of lithic acid or uric acid in the system, diffused throughout the body with the chemically disordered blood. To counteract this constitutional state is now the aim of every wise physician. All the specific remedies, or the old methods of treatment, are only useful in assisting to put right the constitutional malady; colchicum, mercury, saline purgatives, opiates, sometimes are hurtful rather than helpful. How to get rid of the excess of urate of soda in the blood, or to prevent its formation, is the rationale of modern treatment. Rich food and every sort of wine must be given up. If any stimulant is necessary, the best is a little whisky, taken with Vichy water. Three to five grains of citrate of lithia may be added to the Vichy water (Celestine). This is much better than "lithia-water." Many other mineral waters are recommended, but there is often uncertainty as to the source and condition of the water with which the bottles are filled.

No remedy has been found more effectual than lemon-juice, a treatment introduced by Dr. O. Rees and by Dr. Babington many years ago. The details of cases, as treated in St. Thomas's and Guy's

Hospitals, were published at the time in the "Lancet," and the superiority of the remedy over every other demonstrated; yet, strange to say, it has since fallen into comparative desuetude, probably from its very simplicity. It is a fact not generally known that no object in nature contains a larger amount of potassa than lemon juice, though popularly supposed to be acid. This is only because it is naturally joined to a sharp acid, citric, but which has such feeble affinity for the base that the acid readily parts with it in the body, and leaves the free potassa to unite with the lithic or uric acid in the system. One case was that of a licensed victualler, a very free liver, who for years had been a martyr to gout. His joints were enormously enlarged, and several of them covered with chalk-stones. He was given lemon juice largely, six or eight fluid ounces. The good effects were perceptible within twenty-four hours after the first dose, and in less than a fortnight a complete cure was effected. The swollen joints gradually resumed their usual size and mobility, the chalky deposit returned to the liquid form, and was absorbed. The remedy was continued for several weeks, and it became the favourite drink of the patient. In two years his hands were as small and symmetrical as if they had never been disfigured, and he continued in perfect health.

In Boswell's "Johnson" there are several brief but very interesting notes, though it is not expressly said that he gave up wine and drank lemonade for the sake of the gout. When Hannah More urged him to take a little wine, his answer was, "I cannot drink a *little*, child; therefore I never touch it." In fact, there is one curious reference to gout in his personal experience in a letter to Dr. Taylor, in 1773, where he says, "My opinion is that I have drunk too little, and therefore have the gout, for it is of my own acquisition, as neither my father had it nor my mother." Other references are merely to the literature of the subject, as where he speaks of Dr. Cheyne's book, and that of Dr. Cadogan, of which nine editions were quickly sold. In 1751 Hawkins describes him as drinking only lemonade in a whole night spent in festivity at the Ivy Lane Club. To the end of his life he was almost an abstainer from fermented liquor. In the index of Hill's edition of "Boswell," the few occasions of breaking through his rule and his habits of rigid temperance will be found, as when he with Beauclerk and Langton made "a bowl of *bishop*," after their early trip to Covent Garden; or when at Cambridge he toasted

the Whig historian Mrs. Macaulay; and another time took a glass of wine on hearing of Sir Joshua Reynolds being knighted. But though the references to gout are few, here is one that is painfully decisive. In a letter to Bennett Langton, in the autumn of 1783, Dr. Johnson writes: "The gout has within these four days come upon me with a violence I never experienced before. It made me helpless as an infant."

Among what might be called the "curiosities of gout" are many anecdotes illustrating the powerful influence of the mind over the body. The overstrain of the intellectual faculties in long and continuous thought is certainly one cause of the disorder, and it is not less certain that sudden mental impressions have actually cured the gout. The story of the Italian physician who cured many patients by leaving them in his consulting room, the metal floor of which was gradually heated to an intolerable temperature, till the frantic exertions drove out the distemper, may be put down to excessive physical effort. But there are also authenticated cases where bedridden patients have leaped up and made rapid retreat on hearing an alarm of fire. Dr. Rush of Philadelphia told of an old man whose son drove the shaft of his waggon through the window of the room where his father lay ill of the gout. Forgetting his crutches the old man jumped out of bed, and was found by his wife angrily walking up and down the room. Whether the cure was permanent or not is not recorded.

Rheumatism is the only complaint at all likely to be mistaken for gout. The diagnosis is not always easy at first, but the symptoms are soon seen to be different. The white fibrous tissue of the joints, or the cartilages and tendons, are usually attacked. The causes of rheumatism are more dependent on weather and exposure than gout is, though there may be morbid derangement of the system in both. The remedies for rheumatism are innumerable, no two cases being consecutively treated successfully by the same method of cure. A German prince some time ago advertised in the London newspapers that he would give a handsome reward to any one who could suggest the best cure for chronic rheumatism. The letters were to be addressed to the pastor of the Lutheran church near his castle. The various remedies would be a curious museum for exhibition and description. Scotch washing soda, in hot bath or fomentations, gives surest relief in most cases.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

"GLASGOW FOR BELLS."

Glasgow for bells,
Lithgow for wells,
Fa'kirk for beans and peas,
Peebles for clashes and lees.

THE Glasgow arms, as "settled by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, are argent on a mount in base vert, an oak tree proper, the stem at the base thereof surmounted by a salmon on its

back also proper, with a signet ring in its mouth, or, on the top of the tree a redbreast, and on the sinister fess an ancient hand-bell, both also proper." The salmon and the ring which occupy so prominent a position in the armorial bearings belonging to the city of St. Mungo are associated with a curious old mythical legend; but the bell has an authentic story—although its real origin has not been properly ascertained—and has been

connected with the ecclesiastical history of Glasgow from a very early period. "Representatives of these venerated relics of the Celtic church," says Ellacombe, "have been introduced on various early Scottish seals, and the bell of St. Kentigern, the great apostle of Strathclyde, after forming for centuries a prominent feature in the armorial bearings of the archiepiscopal see, still figures in the modern city arms." The bell represented in the ancient civic seal used in the reign of Robert I, as well as on the contemporary Chapter seal, and described by Father Innes, as on the burgh seal attached to a Charter now lost of the thirteenth century, corresponded with the earliest square portable bells with looped handles; and various references both in the *Registrum Episcopatus Glasguensis* and in the *Liber Collegii nostri Domini Glasguensis* M.D.XLIX to the *Campana Beati Kentigerni* bear evidence to its superior sanctity. It is also repeatedly referred to in the Aberdeen Breviary, as in the anthem appointed for the day of the Apostle of Strathclyde. According to some this bell was brought from Rome by St. Kentigern when he visited the Eternal City in his later years, while others again are of opinion that it was made in Ireland, and that in all probability it was given to him by the Bishop who came from thence to perform the office. At all events, bells of the same description as Kentigern's, and of which the form is preserved on our ecclesiastical seals, were manufactured in Ireland at a remote period. Many of these are still in existence, and are said to have belonged to the more distinguished saints of the early Church.

St. Kentigern or St. Mungo's bell was one of the small tinkling bells, called sacryn bells, which were employed in the altar service of the Cathedral, and rung through the streets by the friars for the repose of the souls of the departed, especially of those who had been benefactors of the church. Thus, John Steuart, the first Provost of Glasgow, in an indenture executed at Glasgow, "the seventeenth day of the month of December, in the yher of our Lord a thousand four hundredth fyfte and four yheris, stipulates that, in consideration of certain lands and tenements conveyed by him, the "Prior, Covent, and their successors undertake to say certain masses at St. Katherine's altar in the Cathedral for the soule of the donor, and also on the day of the diocese of the said John Steuart, yherely, tyll gar *Sant Mongouse bell be rungen throw the town for the said Johnes soule.*" And Schir Archibald Crawford, vicar of Cadder, "liefte to Sanct Mongowe's bell to pass throwe the toune to gar pray for mye faderis saule, mye moderis saule, mye owne saule, and all Christyne saules aucht pennies of annuale of the said place."

At the time of the Reformation, "the townsmen of Glasgow were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell and assembled the train-bands w' took o' drum."

St. Mungo's bell, it is said, fell into the possession of two men, who some few years afterwards brought the venerable relic to the magistrates, who at once secured it for the Community.

On November 19, 1577, there stands in the records of the Council the following interesting

entry—"Sanct Mungowis Bell. The quilk day the provost, baillies, and Counsell with dekeins aft (purchased) fra John, Mr. sone to umquhile James Mr. and Andrew Lang ye auld bell that ged throw the toune of auld at ye buriall of ye deid, for ye somme of ten pundis money quhilk thai ordennit Patrick Glen thair thesauraire to pay to theim, and also grantit ye said Andro to be maid burgis gratis; quhilk bell thai ordinit in all tymes to remain as common bell to gang for ye buriall of ye deid and to be gevin yierlie to sic persoun as thei appoynt for anys in ye yeir, takand caution for keping and delyvering thair of the yeirs end. And the said Andro Laing as sone to umquhile Mr. Robert Layng, is maid instantlie burgis, as ane burgis sone, gratis, for ye said caus of ye bell."

"The liberal terms accorded to those who had rescued the bell," says Mr. Macgeorge in his interesting work on "Old Glasgow," "and the anxious provision made for its safety by taking security from the person intrusted with it for its careful preservation, shows the value attached to it and the veneration in which it was held as a relic dating from the foundation of the city."

In October of the following year the treasurer's accounts contain a charge of two shillings for "ane tong to St. Mungowis bell." And under date June 4th, 1590, we read—"The quhilk day the provost, baillies, and counsell has gavin their twa common bells, viz. the Most and Skellat bells, togadder with the office of prunterschi, to George Johnstoune for aine yeir to cum, bound for the soume of thrie scoir pundis to be payit in manner following." And then follow the terms of payment and names of sureties.

A few years later the Presbytery, claiming to have the custody of the bell and the nomination of the party intrusted with the ringing of it, as being more within their province than that of the magistrates, on the 5th November, 1594, there is the following entry in the records of the Presbytery—"Whilk day the presbyterie declairis the office of the ringing of the bell to the buriall of the deid to be ecclesiastical, and that the election of the persone to the ringing of the said bell belongs to the Kirk, according to the ancient canons and discipline of the reformed Kirk."

An author of the seventeenth century affirms that the venerable relic survived even to the reign of Charles I, but by this time it was wellnigh worn out, and in 1640 we find an order by the town council directing a new "deid bell" to be made.

The great bell of Glasgow Cathedral tells its own history in the following inscription. "In the year of grace 1583, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interest of the Reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow citizens, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom, *Me audito venias doctrinam sanctam ut discas*, and I was taught to proclaim the hours of numbered time.

"One hundred and ninety-five years had I sounded these awful warnings when I was broke by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790, I was cast into the furnace, and

returned to my sacred vocation. Reader, thou also shalt know a Resurrection; may it be to eternal life!

THOMAS MEARS *fecit*, London.

According to an entry in the burgh records, "the Kirk beadies (Hie Kirk) were to allow none to enter the steeple to trouble the *knock* and bell there, but to keep the *knock* going at all times, and the 5 hours bell in the morning, and 8 hours bell at even, and these for a long space."

The upper part of the High Street leading to the Cathedral, and which has been removed by the Improvement Trust, was formerly styled "Bell o' the Brae," a name derived from a bell placed in a small turret at the top, and always tolled at funerals.

The bell belonging to the Tron church, situated on the south side of the Trongate, has long been remarkable for its uncommon depth and silvery sweetness of tone—in marked contrast to those of the other Glasgow churches—and is said to have come originally from Iona.

The Cross Tolbooth of Glasgow, having fallen into a ruinous state, was pulled down in 1626, and a new one erected. On the east end of this "magnificent structure" there was a tall steeple with "a curious clock all of brass with four dial plates. It had a large bell for the use of the clock, and a curious sett of chymes and tuneable bells which played every two hours." The steeple still stands as the Cross steeple. The old chime contained twenty-eight bells, commencing at F sharp and ending at C natural. The committee appointed to decide on the matter gave it as their opinion "that it would not be advisable to repair the present bells, and they agreed to recommend that they be removed and replaced by a set of 8 or 10 new ones." They were also of opinion "that as some of the bells in the steeple are very

old, and therefore of some historic interest, the set should not be disposed of in the meantime; that it be remitted to the reporters to obtain information regarding the cost of the mechanical arrangements for playing the set of bells above recommended." Mr. Jackson, in moving the adoption of the minutes, said, "the present bells were so old, one of them being 300 and the other 150 years old, that the committee had resolved to preserve them."

The following entry in connection with these ancient bells will be read with interest.

Chronicles of St. Mungo.

"April 28th, 1746—On Monday last we had the greatest rejoicing that has been known these 30 years past, for the signal and glorious victory gained by his Majesty's forces commanded by our brave and victorious Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, over the rebels on the 16th instant. At ten o'clock in the morning the music bells were played, and other bells set ringing."

In accordance with the minutes adopted by the town council of Glasgow, in connection with the bells in the Cross steeple, a new chime of sixteen bells was inaugurated on December 28th, 1881. They vary in size from twenty-one to forty inches, with notes G, A, B flat; B, C, D flat; E, F, F G, A, B flat; B, C, D sharp.

There is a chiming apparatus, and they are played every day from one to two and from six to seven o'clock. The old steeple bell was transferred to Calton parish church, and afterwards placed in Kelvingrove Museum.

In a local newspaper notice, headed "Preservation of Old Glasgow Relics," it was stated that the bell of the former burgh of Calton and the old drum and drumsticks which were used for giving alarms of fire in Maryhill were to be placed in the Glasgow City Industrial Museum, for preservation.

QUIET CORNERS IN OXFORD.

BY ELLA EDESHHEIM OVERTON.

SOME COLLEGE KITCHENS.

THE story of the foundation of Christ Church, involving as it does so much of the history of the times, lies quite outside the scope of the present article. It has indeed been lately summarised in Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's contribution to Mr. Andrew Clark's "Colleges of Oxford,"¹ and though antiquarians may feel that no few pages can do justice to so wide and intensely interesting a subject, we must not now be tempted to stray from the more immediate discussion before us.

And who will be found to speak lightly or disparagingly of so important a topic as kitchens? At the very outset it is patent that were it not for that silent internal machinery working away, without

hubbub but without cessation, in the very interior of the colleges, those proud buildings, those majestic structures, would be but empty and unmeaning farces. Nor is this all. When once the regions of which we treat have been carefully investigated and explored, we venture to predict that the objections both of the serious and the frivolous will have been disposed of. The stoic will own the stimulating and artistic powers of the kitchen, the light-minded cannot fail to be impressed.

The first stone of Cardinal College, as Christ Church was originally called, was laid on July 15, 1525, and it was matter of popular joke and comment that the first buildings of Wolsey's foundation to be finished were the kitchens. "This recognition," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "of the dependence of the spirit on the body was ingeniously defended by the Rev. M. Creighton (now Bishop of Peter-

¹ "The Colleges of Oxford," edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A. Methuen & Co., 1891.

borough) in a well-remembered University sermon." Anthony à Wood, referring to the same circumstance, gives us the following remarks:—

"And the kitchen being the first of all the buildings that was finished, the learned Ralph Qualter (sometime a student of this University, as by himself is attested) said of the Cardinal, comparing his project with his performance, *Egregium opus! Cardinalis iste instituit Collegium et absolvit Popinam*," which words, à Wood is careful to add, "were spoken by way of reflection on what the Cardinal did." He also gives "a distich stuck upon the walls thereof about that time, running thus:—

'Haec domus ex multis nuper conflata rapinis
Aut cadet, aut certe Daemon habebit eam.'¹

Or thus, as I have it from an obscure place:

'Non stabit illa domus, aliis fundata rapinis:
Aut ruet, aut alter raptor habebit eam.'²

Anthony à Wood notes how, according to the latter prediction, the college "fell not to the ground, but into the king's hands." For the building and works generally were suspended by the fall of the Cardinal in 1529. Three years afterwards Henry VIII refounded it, calling it after himself, "King Henry the Eighth, his College." Subsequently he first suppressed, and then, in 1546, reconstituted the whole foundation, "removing the new see of Oxford (erected at Oseney in 1542) to St. Frideswide's, the then church (partly in ruins in the principal quadrangle of Cardinal Wolsey's unfinished buildings), with the style of "the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford."³ From that day on, through many vicissitudes, the college has remained practically on very much the same lines.

We pass out of the imposing Tom Quad, making our way under the far-famed "fan-pillar," and, ignoring the splendid stairway which leads to the Hall, go down some dark steps into a gloomy vaulted passage. At the other side an oaken door is thrown wide, and immediately we are in the full blaze and warmth of Cardinal Wolsey's great kitchen. No wonder that for a moment we make pause.

The kitchen forms a vast cube of forty feet. High up it is lighted by handsome windows in the Decorated style. Its vaulted roof of dark oaken beams would beautify many a church. In the centre of the ceiling there is a pepper-pot arrangement, up to which the vaulting leads, now only useful and beautiful for the light it throws aslant downwards. It is probable that originally the smoke from the fire in the middle of the floor, where all cooking would have been accomplished, escaped through this aperture.

But far other than in those rude days are the present arrangements of the Christ Church kitchen. Here and there, round the various stoves and fire-places, flit the white capped and jacketed cooks. Two-and-twenty men are here employed, two for washing-up purposes alone. To the able *chef*, Mr. C. Green, we are indebted for the details here collected.

¹ "This house lately established from the ruins of many, will either fall or the devil will have it."

² "That house will not stand founded on the ruins of others. It will either fall, or some other robber will have it."

³ Clark's "Oxford Colleges," p. 302.

Down the middle of the room runs a great table of Indian teak, supported on solid English oaken legs. To one side of it we mark the massive chopping-block, which is formed from the trunk of one of the huge elm-trees blown down in the Broad Walk. Near by are neatly piled some six dozen fowls, ready for roasting, and giving some hint of college appetites. A little to one side again a small counting box-office stands. Here the *chef* receives, either directly or through the scouts (*i.e.* college-servants), all orders. The rows of books and ledgers testify that this alone is no unimportant branch of his work.¹

On three sides of the kitchen, in vaulted recesses some fourteen feet long, are the fire-places. That on the west side is both the most important and the most curious. An open fire of very much the same design as the modern "poor curate's grate" runs the entire length of the recess. This fire-place is only four and a half inches deep, but on account of its height and length it gives out a most prodigious heat. Before it turn perpetually spits, on which forty-eight legs of mutton can be accommodated, and which are worked by means of a fan in the chimney, which revolves with the draught. Before this furnace stands a long, high screen, in which are cupboards for warming dishes, and which absorbs most of the fury of the furnace, so that the rest of the great room is comparatively cool.

This principal fire-place is flanked by a large boiler, which supplies steam for smaller coppers for washing up and boiling cabbages, for hot plates, and for an ingenious oven-cupboard in which potatoes can be steamed in great quantities to a nicety. On the other side stand large double steamers, all in copper, which may be used either over the gas stoves, which occupy most of the south side of the kitchen, or the soup-stoves, which run along the east wall. All around the flash and ruddy warmth of fire-light reflected in copper adds tone and colour to the scene. The utensils of every description in the kitchen are of well-burnished copper. Before leaving to visit the larders, the pestle and mortar should be noticed. The mortar is the size of an ordinary rather large washing-copper. Over it the pestle, suspended from the roof, is so nicely poised that a few vigorous touches will send it swinging round and round alone for several minutes.

One very large hot plate was pointed out as exclusively delivered over to the preparation of the favourite breakfasts of buttered eggs or savoury omelettes for "the men." It may interest the housewifely mind to learn that from 500 to 1,000

¹ In "Rules for the Kitchen," dated 1777, we find the following injunctions:—"The cook to charge no more than fivepence to any undergraduate for a commons of cold meat only; no more than sixpence for a commons of hot meat only; and to allow therewith the common appurtenances, salt, mustard, &c.; in all other articles a profit to be allowed in the same proportion; and on no account a single commons to amount to more than one shilling, unless express leave be given."

"The cook is not to give credit for more than ten pounds to any undergraduate; and whenever the debt arises to that sum, to apply to the Dean to stop such name." It is scarcely necessary to add that the rules for the kitchen have been considerably modified since those days. The catering is now no longer a privilege of the *chef*, who, on the contrary, is paid a definite stipend—such a one as would make many a poor parson's mouth to water.

eggs are daily consumed in the vortex of this kitchen alone. But such information should be withheld from the private cook, lest she be tempted to go and do likewise.

Leaving the kitchen on the south side we reach the pastry larder. Here we are first struck by the endless vista of fruit tarts, then by the beautiful order and dainty cleanliness of all, then by the massive old door, once the original entrance to the kitchen, with its handle of twisted or rather knotted iron, and its lock, measuring some two feet by one. A marble slab offers the best facility to puff-paste-making, and penetrating further down this winding larder we find that it finishes in a brick oven. Over this a fire is lighted for two hours every morning, and then allowed to go out. Sufficient heat is thus generated to keep the oven fit for use all day. It is fourteen feet deep by six wide, and a very long-handled shovel, called a "peel," is used for fetching out from its recesses the trays of tarts and cakes. Below it a smaller square space is utilised for a drying oven. When we saw it, it was packed full with the delicate flaky shells of meringues, here kept deliciously crisp and fresh—as we can testify.

In the meat-larder hangs the great curiosity of the college kitchen. This is Cardinal Wolsey's gridiron. It is a large, square, clumsy-looking iron structure on four small wheels. It is thought that probably, before the days of the chimneys and fire-places, it was used for the cooking of all meats, being placed over the wood fire in the centre of the room. The wheels would allow of its being run off when the meat required "basting" or turning. The meat-larder also boasts the oldest door in the college. It is of massive oak, very roughly finished, and studded with nails. It has a square peep-hole, defended with lattice-work of iron, at present covered with zinc-net, against the raids of a more insidious foe—the fly. The larder is roomy enough to hold comfortably the four cart-loads of meat which are laid in on a Friday alone. From it opens out the cold meat larder, where lie such stores of hams, of tongues, of sirloins, of beef boiled and pressed, of fowls roasted, of pies and brawn, of pickled salmon, kidneys, and ducks, of cold lamb and sides of bacon, as should totally put to shame those lists of good things chronicled with such unction by Charles Dickens in his "Christmas Tales."

And who shall record the wonders of the jam-cupboard, where from floor to ceiling, all labelled with their names, and with the Cardinal's hat, stand the rows of preserve: quince, on which the college specially boasts itself, plum and damson, raspberry and strawberry, marmalade, currant jelly? All are home-made. And below again stand tins of sardines and *paté de foie gras*, quails and such-like dainties; while the eggs lie stored in huge baskets against their doom.

Time fails us to note the magic bread-cutter, whence the slices fly off smooth and even, the gas apparatus under which twelve rounds of bread may at once be nicely toasted, the apple-peeler, which does its work so noiselessly and so wastelessly. Nor can we do more than refer to the storage cellars, where lie in snug preparation the pickled

meats, the vegetables, and the ice. One set of cellars is exclusively given over to reserve crockery. The visitor might imagine himself in some great china store, where he may find plates, dishes, and bowls of every size, but all of one description—for the college crockery all bears a simple red line and the college crest.

More truly typical, however, of college kitchens than Christ Church is perhaps that belonging to Magdalen. Everything here is on a much smaller scale, but what is lacking in grandeur is amply compensated for in picturesqueness. This building also boasts a vaulted roof, although the opening in the ceiling is not to be found here, but in the adjoining cold meat larder. This would suggest the theory, disallowed by some college authorities, that the cold meat larder, in itself a very respectable-sized hall, was originally the kitchen, in handy communication with what is now the college kitchen, but might then have been the refectory. For, like Christ Church also in this, the Magdalen kitchens are some of the oldest buildings of the college, being in fact remains of the Hospital dedicated to St. John Baptist, which once stood here, and to which in another paper we have had reason to refer. Other old remains of the same foundation are to be found in some parts of the college facing the High Street, in what is known as the Chaplain's Quad, and in that charmingly quaint corner where is lodged the old stone pulpit, from which in ancient times, once a year, on St. John Baptist's Day, a Latin sermon was preached in the open. All the ground below the pulpit, under the west end of the chapel, was strewn with fresh rushes, and in this sheltered nook a goodly congregation could be accommodated.

To return to the kitchen, we notice here very much the same arrangements, on a small and concentrated scale, as at Christ Church. The chopping-board has a history attached to it, being supported on one of the enormous benches formerly in the Magdalen deer park. Our palates are tickled by the sight of the apple pies and rice puddings for which this kitchen is justly famous. They are made and cooked in large shallow earthenware pans, round and red, and in this form are particularly appetising. The kitchen counting-house stands in a recess where formerly was the bakehouse.

Some amusing notices are to be found of the time when wood and charcoal (the old coal) were abandoned for culinary purposes here, and the new "sea-borne" coal began to be used. In a college inventory of its kitchen goods for 1659, the following entries occur:

"A great iron grate bought 1658, when the college first began sea-coale fire. Forke, tongs . . . both new for the sea-coale fire, which began the last year."

And again we read:

"Two paire new bellowes for the sea-coale."

Evidently the "sea-coale" made a great revolution in kitchen ways. The "two paire bellowes" have long since disappeared, but doubtless the "great iron grate" is practically the same as it was in 1658, although the dinners cooked at and around it would probably considerably surprise the founder, good Bishop Waynflete, and the dons of the "sea-coale" epoch.

MICROSCOPIC SEA-LIFE.

II.

THE next hydrozoan to be considered has a Greek name of precisely the same meaning as the Latin one borne by the little creature treated of at the close of the last paper. That was called Clava; this is known as Coryne. Both words signify "a club," and the reason for these names is to be found in the shape of the polypites, which are not unlike miniature copies of the club with which the wicked giant, in the toy-books of our youth, was figured as attempting to slay the valiant and virtuous Jack. And just as that club was studded with terrible knots and snags, so these creatures have projecting from their bodies tentacles or arms, which make the resemblance more complete. In Clava they are filiform, or thread-like; in Coryne they are capitate, or furnished with a kind of head or ball, which is nothing more than a collection of thread-cells. Syncoryne also has the tentacles capitate (fig. 2). These tentacles are capable of motion in every direction, but not to so great an extent as the thread-like weapons of Clava.

Of the genus *Coryne* there are several species, some of which are simple, while others are branched, or bushy, or shrubby; while one (*C. fruticosa*), common in the Channel Islands, is almost tree-like in its growth. But all agree in that they spring from a creeping, thread-like stolon, which, like the stem and branches, is sheathed in a thin chitinous tube, sometimes smooth and sometimes marked with rings, and in having at the end of the stem or branch a single club-shaped polypite, with capitate tentacles, either disposed in whorls or scattered

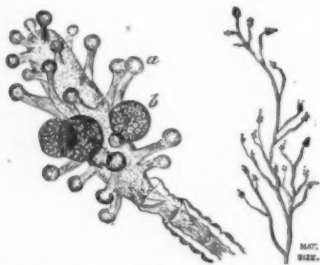


FIG. 1.—*CORYNE FRUTICOSA* WITH ONE POLYPITE ENLARGED, SHOWING (a) CAPITATE TENTACLES; AND (b) GONOPHORES BETWEEN THE TENTACLES.

irregularly all over the body. The *polyvary*, or outer covering, is well developed, thus differing from that of Clava, in which it forms a tiny cuplike expansion at the base of each polypite, so that the animals of that genus were for a long time supposed to be destitute of this investing sheath.

The common Coryne (*C. pusilla*) is abundant nearly everywhere—on the flat shores of the estuary of the Thames, on the sandy coasts of the Channel, and in the rock-pools of the north and west. Indeed, there is hardly a spot on our coasts where a collector would not meet with it. It is sparingly

and irregularly branched, and grows in straggling tufts from an inch to an inch and a half high on seaweed, stones, and shells. It is usually common enough in my tanks, but when this was written I could not find a piece with polypites developed, so that another species was chosen for illustration.

Syncoryne greatly resembles Coryne in general appearance, but is not so common. The scientific definitions of the two genera differ only in what relates to their method of reproduction. The *gonophores*, or reproductive buds, of Coryne liberate free-swimming ciliated embryos—"the analogue of the winged seed of the plant."

These, after a short period of independent existence, settle down and form colonies resembling that from which they were sent forth. In Syncoryne the bud itself undergoes a series of changes, shown diagrammatically, on a large scale, in fig. 2. The dark central part is the *cenosarc*, or body mass, expanding at the upper part into the polypite with capitate tentacles set in whorls. At *a* is a gonophore just budding, at *b*, *c*, and *d* further developments are shown, and at *e* we have the perfect medusa form (so called from its likeness to a medusa, or jellyfish), ready to break away and swim off.



FIG. 2.—*SYNCORYNE* WITH BUDDING MEDUSAS. (AFTER DESOR.)

At *a* is a gonophore just budding, at *b*, *c*, and *d* further developments are shown, and at *e* we have the perfect medusa form (so called from its likeness to a medusa, or jellyfish), ready to break away and swim off.

This will give us a good example of what is called the alternation of generations, in which, as Chamisso puts it, "the mother does not resemble her own mother or her daughter, but her sister, her grandmother, or her grand-daughter." The nutritive zooid without sex buds off a form in which the sexes are combined, and this, in its turn, gives rise again to sexless forms.

There is little doubt but that *Cladonema* (fig. 3) has a wider range on our coasts than it is generally credited with. It was first recorded from St. Malo by Dujardin in 1843, then from Devonshire by Gosse (who called it the Slender Coryne, *C. stauridia*),¹ then from some of the tanks in the Fish House at the Zoological Gardens, and still later by some of the naturalists at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Plymouth. The specimen figured was discovered on some sponge sent me by Mr. Sinel, of the Biological Laboratory, Jersey. The sponge had been examined again and again with the hand lens and a low power of the microscope, and as it looked unhealthy it was decided to take it out of the small tank in which it was living, and throw it

¹ "Devonshire Coast," p. 257, pl. xvi. figs. 1-5.

away. But before doing this I looked it over for the last time, and on a tiny fragment, which till then had been unnoticed, there appeared a dark, thread-like mark in the substance of the sponge. On turning the piece over some tiny projections therefrom could be made out, and the hand lens revealed the fact that these were the polypites of *Cladonema*—I then unknown to me except from books. The dying sponge was dissected away down to the stolon or creeping root of the hydrozoan, which was put into a jar. The small colony lived with me for about three months, but though the polypites died down and were renewed, they unfortunately threw off no generative buds to propagate the species when they themselves had disappeared. There is little doubt that search along the shores of the Channel would reveal this charming little animal. It will be seen that the capitate tentacles are disposed at the top in a whorl of four, and beneath are the same number of "false tentacles," rounded at the tip, and covered with tactile hairs (fig. 3). The function of these false tentacles seems to be to give notice of the approach of prey; for if anything comes in contact with them the head and tentacles bend over towards it, and generally the prey is seized by

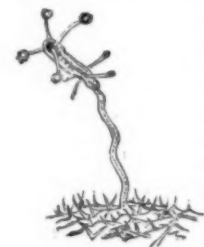


FIG. 3.—CLADONEMA ON SPONGE (ENLARGED FROM LIFE).

the tentacles and passed to the mouth, which is just at the top of the polypite. Some observers have come to the conclusion that the false tentacles are rigid, and stand always at right angles to the body; I am inclined to think that they are capable of motion, and believe that I have seen them move. At any rate, the point needs further investigation, and any examples met with should be carefully watched, and the result of the observation put on record.

This commensalism of a hydrozoan with a sponge is by no means a solitary instance. Hæckel found similar cases in the material brought home by the *Challenger* Expedition, and in the "Annals of Natural History" for September 1892 there is a still stranger case recorded of a hydrozoan which lives on the throat and gill-openings of a fish. Here it seems to be a direct benefit to its host, for it appears to supply the place of the wavy filaments present in allied species, which give the fish a deceitful resemblance to the weed-encrusted rocks of its environment.

The strange-looking creature represented in fig. 4 is not a new kind of starfish, as one might at first sight suppose, but the reproductive bud of *Clavatella prolifera*, which, unlike that of *Syncoryne*, does not swim, but walks or climbs, and is on that account dignified in books with the long name "ambulatory gonozooid." This "walking bud" may be taken at the end of the summer in the rock-pools off the Capstone at Ilfracombe, and near Torquay. The few specimens that I have collected came either from Barricane or from Lee. They escaped observation at the time of capture, and were not discovered till some store bottles were

being packed for the homeward journey. It is certain, however, that they came from one of the two places mentioned. The adult form has eight capitate tentacles in a single whorl at the base of the proboscis. The generative buds are sent off in the same way as those of *Syncoryne* (fig. 2). In the rock-pools they are generally found among weeds, and especially among the Common Coral-line; when in the tank they climb about the vegetation, or move slowly and deliberately along the side of their glass prison. A comparison of fig. 4 with fig. 2 (e) will show that the structure of the two buds is the same, though the habit is so different. The membrane uniting the arms in the bud of *Clavatella* corresponds to the umbrella or swimming-bell in that of *Syncoryne*. The proboscis, or mouth, is in exactly the same position in each, and the tentacles, which serve the last-named form only as organs of prehension—motion being due to the rhythmic contractions of the umbrella—are in *Clavatella* modified so as to serve also as legs for walking or as arms for climbing. These modified tentacles fork at the end, and the outer branch of the fork ends in a ball of thread-cells, while the inner branch terminates in a sucker-like disc. It is a very droll sight to see these modified medusas climbing about the seaweed, and now and then capturing a stray Entomostracan. The arm, with its prey, is then bent under and curved upwards, so as to bring the dainty morsel near the proboscis, which inclines towards it and engulfs it, just as the adult polypite would do. This sexual zooid is a somewhat abnormal case of alternation of generations as seen in the Hydrozoa; for in the early part of its life it sends off buds similar to itself from between the arms, as shown in fig. 4. Towards the end of the season it grows sluggish and settles down; the membrane from which the arms project is ruptured, allowing the male and female elements to escape, and the tiny creature perishes in giving birth to another generation.

Tubularia, common though it is, is to other hydrozoans what the rose is to other flowers. There are many species of the genus, but that usually taken is *T. indivisa*. The stems resemble small oaten straws, and in a large colony, such as may be got with the dredge, these tubes may rise to a height of six inches to twelve inches. The head of the polypite is a fine scarlet or crimson, and the tentacles pearly white. Of these there are two sets, the *aboral*, the longer, set round the base of the flask-like polypite, and serving as prehensile organs to capture prey; and the short oral tentacles round the proboscis or mouth. These latter receive the prey from the lower set, and pass it down into the mouth. In captivity these polypites fall off and are renewed again, and retain the power of motion for some time after they are separated from the body mass. The generative buds are developed

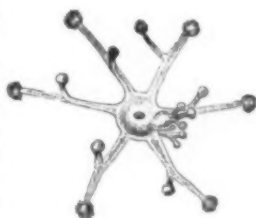


FIG. 4.—WALKING BUD OF CLAVATELLA PROLIFERA, WITH A YOUNGER ONE JUST BUDDING (ENLARGED FROM LIFE).

in clusters at the base of the lower tentacles, and somewhat resemble tiny bunches of currants. When the embryos are liberated they may often be seen climbing up the sides of the tank with their long arms, and after a brief period of free existence they settle down, develop a stem, and become the starting point of a new colony.

That represented in fig. 5—about life-size—was picked up near the last groynes eastward at Hastings, in the early part of October 1892. It was



FIG. 5.—TUBULARIA INDIVISA, FROM LIFE. *a*, ABNORMAL POLYPITE, WITH TWO FLASK-LIKE BODIES AND TWO SETS OF ORAL TENTACLES.

then quite dry, and looked so much like a twisted bunch of oat-straw as to impress one with the appropriateness of Ellis's popular name for it—the Oaten Straw Coralline. I turned it over with my stick, half-doubtful if it were worth bringing away. But as there was just a chance that it might revive, or that there might be some animals living parasitically on the outside of the tubes, the whole was dropped into a bottle for further examination. The mass of tubes was about three inches high—showing that the colony was of that year's growth—and twisted at the base, which had been swept off some rock or shell, probably on the Diamond Shoal, by the force of the waves. A little way from the bottom they separated into three bundles, each containing some half-dozen tubes, and before the colony had been in the tank a week these tubes had seven heads, or polypites, between them. Two of the tubes ran closely side by side and then diverged, looking at first sight as if one tube were dichotomously branched (thus <), and as each of these tubes had a head, it seemed as if one tiny column of protoplasm had given rise to them both. This, of course, was not the case; the Common Tubularia is always simple—that is, the stems rise direct from the base without branching, though they are frequently bent into a series of curves. The outside of the stems was covered with a swarm of parasitic organisms, smaller Hydrozoa and Polyzoa. And this point is one that should not be overlooked by the collector. Not only is every organism

deserving of careful examination for itself, but it may be the host of other and rarer creatures. The most remarkable feature in this colony is the double polypite (fig. 5, *a*), which lived for about a fortnight and was then carefully preserved. Two-headed tubularians are apparently rare, for no record of such a case can be found in the standard works of Allman and Hincks. But in a new species of the genus Eudendrium, dredged from twenty-four miles w.n.w. of Warrior Island, and forming part of the collection made in Torres Straits by Professor A. C. Haddon in 1888–89, something similar appears in the single specimen on which the species was founded, for the column of protoplasm above the tube gives rise to two distinct heads in more than one case.

We shall probably find two kinds of Eudendrium—so called from its resemblance to a well-branched tree. These will almost certainly be *E. insigne* from rock-pools, and *E. capillare*, parasitic on larger hydroids. Only the dredge would give us *E. rameum*, which Sir John Dalyell describes as one of the most singular, beautiful, and interesting among the boundless works of nature. Sometimes it resembles an aged tree, blighted amidst the war of elements or withered by the deep corrosions of time; sometimes it resembles a vigorous flowering shrub in miniature, rising with a dark-brown stem, and diverging with numerous boughs, branches, and twigs, terminating in so many hydræ, wherein red and yellow intermixed afford a fine contrast to the whole. But the others, though so much smaller and less brightly coloured, are quite as beautiful, and they may be met with without the trouble and expense of dredging. In this genus the proboscis is trumpet-shaped, and there is a single row of filiform tentacles at its base. The authorities do not record *E. capillare* from the south-east coast, but it covered the stems of the tubularia mentioned above.

The hydrozoans of which we have treated hitherto form part of the group Athecata, or Gymnoblastera, so called because the polypites and generative buds are not enclosed in cups or protective cases, the presence of which is one of the distinctive marks of the Thecaphora or Calyptoblastera.

In the Thecaphora the form is generally tree-like or shrubby; the stem may be plain or marked with rings, and in many cases it is divided by joints into a number of what Mr. Hincks calls *internodes*; and he has used the disposition of the branches and of the pinnae, or branchlets, on these internodes as one means of distinguishing the different species of some genera.

The beauties of microscopic sea-life are great and manifold, but none can surpass the charm of a colony of these tiny creatures when seen with a hand lens or under a low power giving a field large enough to take in several polypites at once. The calyces seem formed of the finest crystal, and from the centre of each there slowly rises what seems to be a living flower, which gradually unfolds its long strap-like florets, sometimes waving them gracefully to and fro, or with equal grace allowing them to droop in gentle curves by the side of the glassy calyx.

These calyces are seen in their greatest beauty in the Campanularians, in which they bear some resemblance to a little bell. This family is generally treated first, but for our purpose it will be more convenient to begin with the Plumularians.

The genus *Plumularia* contains several species, some of which are very common. *P. setacea*, the "Sea Bristles" of Ellis, is generally distributed round our coasts, and may be found in rock-pools, on weed, and parasitic on other hydroids, especially on the long stems of *Antennularia*, the Lobster-horn Coralline, which owes its scientific and popular names to the resemblance of its stem to the antennæ, or "feelers" of the lobster. It is from an inch to an inch and a half high; the stem is slightly waved and regularly jointed, and the branches are alternate, springing from just below the joint of each internode. Mr. Hincks describes it as one of the commonest and prettiest of the species to be met with on the shore, and writes with enthusiasm of the forests of it that clothe the sides of rock-pools or cover the stems of seaweed.

The species figured, *P. halecioides*, is a little smaller, and is less commonly met with. Its favourite habitat is on stones, and amongst sponges that cover the rocks near low-water mark. It is also pretty plentiful in the rock-pools off the Capstone, and it ought not to escape a diligent collector anywhere along the coast between Combmartin and Barricane Bay. Nor is it hard to meet with in the Channel Islands. It is rarely more than an inch high, and the disposition of the branches may be seen from fig. 6, where a specimen is shown of the natural size, and part of the stem and a branch enlarged. This illustration should be carefully gone over and compared with figs. 1, 2, 3, and 5, so as to clearly apprehend the difference between the hydroids without and those with protective cases or calyces (*hydrotheca*) into which the polypites of the latter can withdraw. It will also serve to emphasise the difference between the Plumularians and the Sertularians: in the former

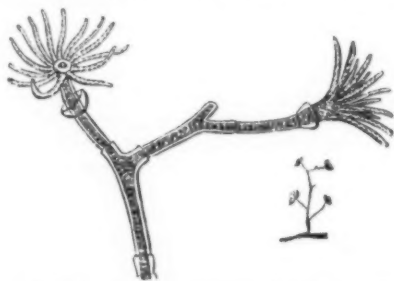


FIG. 6.—*PLUMULARIA HALECIOIDES*. (AFTER HINCKS.)

the calyces are unilateral; in the latter, with the exception of *Hydrallmania falcata* (the Sickie Coralline), they stud both sides of the branches or twigs. This last-named species may generally be found on the shore after a storm. A well-grown specimen is too large for the aquarium, but the collector should make himself acquainted with its form and general appearance, and one of the pinnate branches may be brought away for examination. The stem is twisted in large curves, and the branches have been described as "a series of

feathers implanted in spiral arrangement round a slender stem." The calyces containing the minute white polypites are tubular, and very closely set along the pinnæ.

Sertularia pumila, the Sea Oak Coralline, is abundant between tide marks on large coarse seaweed. The shoots, from half an inch to an inch in height, rise luxuriantly from the creeping stolon, either straight or in gentle curves. The branches are opposite, and in fine specimens give off smaller



FIG. 7.—*SERTULARIA PUMILA* (SHOWING TWO INTERNODES GREATLY ENLARGED).

branches. These, like the stem, are divided at short distances into internodes, each of which forms a figure shaped somewhat like a V (fig. 7), and at the extremity of the arms are the tubular calyces from which the polypites rise and expand their tentacles in search of food. This species is phosphorescent, and if a piece of fucus bearing a colony of it be struck smartly in the dark the tips of the calyces will be distinctly illuminated.

Obelia geniculata, the Knotted Thread Coralline, is very abundant on seaweed, especially on the common tangle, about low-water mark. The veriest tiro at collecting cannot possibly mistake it for any other form, particularly if he examine it for a moment with the hand lens. The stem is about an inch high, sometimes with and sometimes without branches. The internodes are short, and so disposed that the stem forms a zigzag, at alternate angles of which the calyces are set. But the most extraordinary feature in this hydroid is that the calyces are supported by a kind of bracket from which rise the ringed pedicels, or stalks, of the calyces. The general colour is pure white, but some specimens are of a brilliant red, owing to the presence of a microscopic algal which grows on the stem. The Knotted Thread Coralline is phosphorescent, and the "sudden illumination of a forest of it on some sombre Laminarian frond is a truly beautiful spectacle. If it is agitated in the dark a bluish light runs along each, flashing fitfully from point to point, as each polypite lights up its little lamp."

In the genus *Campanularia* the stem may be simple or branched; the calyces are glassy and bell-shaped, the rim being often cut into minute teeth, and sometimes into crenulations like the

battlements of a tower. Ellis's name, long but appropriate, for *C. volubilis*, the species that has been longest known, was the Climbing Coralline with Bell-shaped Cups. This is an unbranched form from deep water, but it is often found, washed up on the shore, on other hydroids and polyzoa. The shoots are spirally twisted, and beneath each calycle is a single ring, which Ellis compared to "a very minute spherule or ball, as in some drinking-glasses." A very common branched form of this genus is *C. flexuosa* (the Flexuous Campanularia), in which the calycles are wide above, with the sides sloping abruptly towards the base, and borne on footstalks with six or seven rings. It is found between tide marks on stones, in tidal pools, and on the surface of the rocks that are covered at high tides.

The calycles of the forms already noticed are inoperculate—that is, they possess no cover and are quite open at the top, so that the polypite, though protected by glassy walls all round, is undefended above. In *Calycella syringa*, the Creeping Bell Coralline, however, the polypite can not only retreat within its dwelling, but can secure itself from intrusion or attack. Round the rim of the calycle rise eight or nine tapering segments which meet in a point at the top, and so form a conical roof. The force exerted by the polypite in rising separates these segments, thus allowing it free egress, and when it withdraws itself they fall together and completely roof in the calycle. This species is very common, and should be looked for on other hydroids, polyzoa, and on seaweeds.

Probably the best book on the subject is Hincks's "British Hydroid Zoophytes," which contains a good list of the literature of the Hydrozoa up to the date of its publication. Of the older books, Ellis's "Essay towards a Natural History of Corallines" (1755) should be read and re-read, as should Gosse's "Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," and "Tenby."

In fig. 8 we have the Common Lucernarian of our coasts (*Haliclystus octoradiatus*), which belongs to another group of the Hydrozoa. It is sometimes met with on the fronds of seaweed in rock-pools—Gosse so took it at Weymouth—but its favourite habitat is in the beds of *Zostera* or grass-wrack that fringe the shore, generally a little beyond low-water mark. This little creature, which is of a brownish liver colour, and may be from half to three-quarters of an inch in height, and as much across, possesses a sheathed footstalk, and when captured often slips away, leaving the sheath behind it. In the centre of the disc is the mouth, and set round it at equal distances are eight arms, each bearing at its extremity a tuft of thread-cells. Between every pair of arms is a kidney-shaped

body, the function of which has only recently been made out. These bodies are called "marginal anchors," and serve as a means of attachment. It was formerly said that these animals moved through the water like jellyfish, swimming by alternate contractions and expansions of the disc. Those who have watched them most closely say that the mode of progression is a kind of creeping or stalking over bodies like the Common Hydra, using the marginal anchors to fix themselves while the disc is thrown forward to another point of support. Great abnormality occurs in the Lucernarians. A friend informs me that out of eighty specimens he examined and dissected, the rate of abnormality rose as high as 50 per cent., and a correspondent writes that "abnormality is so common as to be the rule rather than the exception." Johnston ("British Zoophytes") records one specimen with seven and another with nine tentacles; and mentions "a white form with five," probably not a Lucernarian at all. One specimen that lived for about a fortnight in my tank was

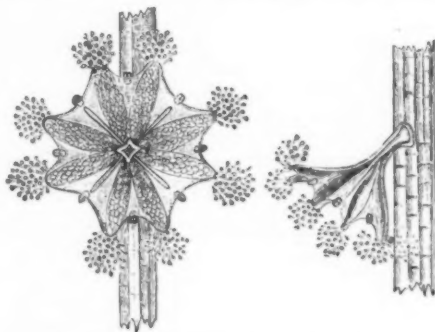


FIG. 8.—HALICLYSTUS OCTORADIATUS. (AFTER CLARK.)

abnormal in a very high degree. It was impossible to figure it, so a description must serve. Suppose the animal on the left in fig. 8 to be divided into two equal parts by a horizontal line joining two marginal anchors. The lower half in my specimen was perfectly normal; the upper half seemed exactly as if the creature were about to multiply by fission. The normal four arms of the upper half increased to seven, with some traces of a budding eighth, and even the reproductive bands (the V-shaped bodies in the figure on the left) of that half doubled in number. Every care was taken to keep the animal alive—unfortunately in vain. It died at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, whither it had been sent for examination, and was there skilfully preserved, and to that place, after a short visit to London, it has now been returned, so as to be at the service of workers interested in the subject.

H. S.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S "FLYING MACHINE."

THE courage and enterprise of perhaps the most sanguine of all classes of inventors, we mean the aeronauts, in the face of manifold defeat, discouragement, and a too often gibing world, are proverbial; and probably in no science have perseverance and ingenuity been so sparsely rewarded as in that which seeks to navigate the air. It would certainly be a great injustice to stigmatise as "cranks" the long succession of clever mechanicians whose "flying machines" have never flown, or on ascending have speedily come to grief. The fact that at the present time men in high and responsible position and justly eminent for their constructive ability are bringing their dynamical and engineering skill year after year to bear upon the problem of aerial navigation, is itself a vindication, if not indeed a promise. The remark is specially true of contemporary aeronautic experimentalists in France and America.

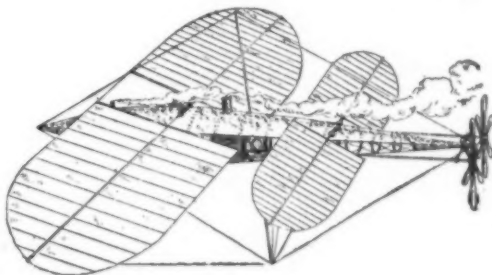
During the last few years our aeronauts have considerably modified their conception of flying machines. The "aeroplane" is evidently coming more into favour; and reduction in bulk and weight is increasingly aimed at. In illustration, we may refer to the somewhat bloated, whale-like figure of Mr. C. H. Morgan's "air ship,"¹ and its striking contrast with the air-plane mechanism of which we now give a picture.

The inventor of the newest of the flying machines which America has produced is none other than the eminent head of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, Professor S. O. Langley. The professor was chiefly known to the public by his astronomical work, which is of a high and original order. He is also the inventor of the bolometer, or actinic balance, by which almost incredibly small radiations of heat are measured. He believes he has developed a flying machine which is practicable. Full details are not yet to hand, but from the pages of the "Scientific American" some important clues may be gained.

The machine shown in the engraving is a working model. It is not intended to carry passengers. In configuration the body portion closely simulates a mackerel (!) The backbone is a light but very rigid tube of what is technically known as "titanium metal," one of the many alloys of aluminium and steel. It is 15 feet in length, and a little more than 2 in. in diameter. (The drawing exaggerates the diameter.) To give rigidity to the skeleton, ribs of stiff steel are provided, intersected at intervals by cross ribs of pure aluminium, the result being a lattice framework of great strength. The engines are located in the portion of the framework corresponding to the head of the fish. They weigh

60 ounces, and develop one horse-power—the lightest of that power ever made. There are four boilers, made of thinly-hampered copper, and weighing a little more than seven pounds each; these occupy the middle portion of the fish. Instead of water, a very volatile hydrocarbon is employed, the exact nature of which is a matter of secrecy, but which vaporises at a comparatively low temperature. The fuel used is refined gasoline, and the extreme end of the tail of the fish is utilised for a storage tank with a capacity of one quart. As will be seen, there are twin screw propellers, which would be made adjustable to different angles in practice, to provide for the steering. The engines develop a speed of 1,700 revolutions a minute.

The machine will be sustained in its flight by means of induced currents. The wings, or air-planes, which, like the edge of a bird's wing, will present to the air a surface of least resistance, consist of light frames of tubular aluminium steel covered with china silk. With the propulsion of the twin screws, they are expected to carry the



machine up a gentle air-gradient, utilise the buoyancy of the atmosphere, and create sustaining currents of air. Like the heavier birds, such as the condor, which has to take a run along the ground before it can fairly launch itself in the air, Professor Langley's machine will probably require extraneous help to start it in its course. The wings, or air-planes, are in pairs; the rearward pair are the smaller of the two. Both are designed to be adjustable with reference to the angle they present to the air. Fixity of all the parts is secured by a tubular mast extending upwards and downwards through about the middle of the craft, and from its extremities run stays of aluminium wire to the tips of the aeroplanes and the end of the tubular backbone. By this trussing arrangement the whole structure is rendered exceedingly stiff.

The machine was constructed and perfected to its present stage in a secret room in the Smithsonian Institution, where it now rests. It was conceived about twenty months ago by Professor Langley.

¹ See "Leisure Hour" for 1888, p. 208.

Four skilled workmen in mechanics and metallurgy were put to work at premium wages under pledge of secrecy. In the large lecture room of the National Museum Professor Langley has succeeded repeatedly in producing successful flights by small models. The lightest of these little models weighs 16 grammes, and will soar from one end of the room to the other as freely as a bird. The intention is to employ a tug to tow the experimental party to a creek about forty-five miles down the Potomac, where the experiments may be conducted without fear of interruption.

MICROSCOPY: (1) AT THE POND-SIDE—(2) IN THE CLUB-ROOM.

The Saturday afternoon excursions of the great town-clubs of microscopists are just now a notable feature of the summer season. The London Quekett Microscopical Club (some five hundred strong), and similar, if less numerous, clubs in the Midlands and the North of England, find their rewards on these occasions, not only in health-giving holidays with nature, but in the new revelations of the micro-fauna and flora which await them by flood and field. The discovery of five new species of micro-crustacea in the lakes of Wanstead Park, Epping Forest, have been recorded to the credit of the great London club already mentioned, and the publication of useful local visits is further illustrated by Mr. A. W. Bennett's remarkable paper on the "Freshwater Algae of the Lake District," with descriptions of twelve new species (published in the Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society).

Mere miscellaneous collecting in our ponds, lakes, and other waters, although a charming recreation for beginners, may of course become worse than useless, and actually misleading. The true method for the serious worker is well seen in the means adopted for the Wanstead collections. The author of the investigation, Mr. Scourfield, F.R.M.S., began his investigation of the Wanstead microzoa with the view of solving that standing problem, the apparently capricious appearance and disappearance of organisms in a particular locality. We have yet to learn the development of cycles which many of these forms pass through, and the study can only become fruitful by investigating the same areas for several years in close succession. Some of the circumstances liable to variation are obvious. The pressure exerted upon all resting-eggs at the bottom of a pond in a severe winter when the mud is frozen, and the fact that several species of crustaceans, like *Sida crystallina*, are covered only by their own proper membrane and not enclosed in a protecting "ephippium," as are the Daphnidæ, are among the many data which come before the systematic inquirer. The paper on the Wanstead phenomena of periodicity sets the excellent example of giving curves drawn in illustration of the abundance of various species at identical times of the year. The principle might be well taken to heart by members of other microscopical societies. Owing to the general non-existence of such rigidly local lists, it is impossible at present to say anything on the important question of the distribution of microscopic life in the fresh waters of our islands. An

affiliation of local microscopical societies on this principle would be an advance on the biological side of microscopical science. Will our readers of the microscopical persuasion bear this in mind when again they stand, by the pool or lake, where

"invisible
Among the floating verdure millions stray?"

Let us enforce our favourite recreation with a delightful picture by Dr. Hudson of the incentives and rewards of the study we have been dealing with. "The richest fauna," says our eminent micro-faunist, "is that which is visible only with a microscope. To gaze into that wonderful world which lies in a drop of water, crossed by some stems of green weed; to see transparent living mechanism at work (as in the rotifers), and to gain some idea of its modes of action; to watch a tiny speck that can sail through the prick of a needle's point, to see its crystal armour flashing with ever-varying tints, its head glorious with the halo of its quivering cilia; to see it gliding through the emerald stems, hunting for its food, snatching at its prey, fleeing from its enemy, chasing its mate (the fiercest of our passions blazing in an invisible speck); to see it whirling in a mad dance, to the sound of its own music, the music of its happiness, the exquisite happiness of living—can any one who has once enjoyed this sight ever turn from it to mere books and drawings, without the sense that he has left all Fairyland behind him?"

The record of progress in practical microscopy—in the use of lenses and the subsidiary mechanical aids to microscopic vision—is still upon the line of the Jena apochromatic object-glasses and eye-pieces, and the further utilisation of Abbé's diffractive theory of the image. In recently resigning the chair of the Quekett Microscopical Club, after two years of notable service as president, Dr. Dallinger pointed out that the further success of the new lenses awaits the discovery of new mounting and immersion media for the objects to be examined, so that the refractive qualities of the media shall equal or approximate to those of the lenses, and thus more fully utilise the illuminating rays. The use of monochromatic light—light of one colour only—is being increasingly appreciated by working microscopists, and we shall continue to hear more of this particular refinement in optical method. "The age is grown so picked" that ordinary white light is now found to be too gross and coarse as an illuminating agent in the higher and more delicate investigations. The jumble of wave-lengths of different periods which make up ordinary white light is not the best medium for the higher microscopical vision, and a steadier medium may well be supposed to accrue from the use of a light-filter which only passes one ray of synchronous waves to illumine the object; and, consequently, workers who are particular as to their wave-lengths of light are now compelled to select from the mixed skein of solar colours the one steady and constant coloured ray which best answers their particular purpose. This discrimination of our light-supply is not confined to microscopical science: the photographer uses it for certain purposes with valuable results.

Dr. Dallinger considers that for microscopic

purposes such light is not awarded its best chance of usefulness, especially with high-power objectives, so long as there are no object-glasses specially constructed to suit its refraction and dispersion. What is wanted is curvatures of lenses with mathematically adapted curves—short objectives made to give the best results with a particular coloured ray of the spectrum—just as the apochromatic objectives had to be specially devised and figured to do their special work. Here is a fine field open to the English optician. Let him address himself to the problem of adapting lenses that will give the widest aperture in such media as can be used without violating the condition which made possible the life of the organisms under examination.

In the delightful art of micro-photography it is now proved that by the use of the light-filter it is possible to obtain a really good photograph of anything which the lens will show, a fact of great importance to those who do not possess the expensive apochromatic lenses. The amateur will do well to remember that so high an authority as the new president of the Quekett Club—Mr. Edward M. Nelson—speaks very highly of the cheap series of object-glasses which have been brought into the market during the past two years, and which may be called semi-apochromatic. "Now that microscopists can get for 20s. or 30s. a lens which for many purposes rivals the best apochromatics, he is at a very great advantage. Happily, almost every month now sees an advance in the performances of lenses in which the spectrum is corrected to a marvellous degree." This may be taken as a happy sign that the army of amateur microscopists in Britain, as well as abroad, is increasing both in numbers and in appreciation of optical method.

THE NEW PARADOX IN ELECTRICITY.

At length the scientific public are beginning to grasp the significance of the high tension electrical discharges with which Professor Tesla gave his demonstrations last year. At the recent Royal Society *soirées*, and in fact at every gathering which has illustrated the scientific progress of the year, the new departures in current electricity have dominated the programme, and assumed startling and fascinating, if not revolutionary forms. The puzzling paradox of a deadly current made quite harmless by an enormous increase of energy is now demonstrated with numberless varieties of experiments. "High frequency currents," as they are called—currents representing many thousands of volts—may be safely passed into the human body and come out at the finger tips in a deafening roar of sparks. Hertz, Ferraris, Tesla, and others have shown that with such currents the accepted ideas with regard to electricity do not hold good, and must be modified.

Among the Royal Society's *soirée* experiments bearing upon this question, those exhibited by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton took the leading place. One of the most cautious of experimentalists, Mr. Swinton repeated his feat of passing a current through the human body in order to light up a glow-lamp on the other side. He produced his alternating currents of great frequency by means

of an ordinary inductive coil feeding into two Leyden jars. From these jars the spectators saw the electricity pour out in beautiful purple streams to any conductor that offered itself. By breaking the circuit between one of the jars and the glow-lamp terminal, and interposing the body of one of the spectators, the lamp glowed with somewhat reduced brilliancy, and no inconvenience was felt by the experimenter, except at the moment of closure, when a slight shock was felt. It seems almost impossible to measure the current under such circumstances; but the immense voltage was easily demonstrated by interposing a gap between one hand and the wire, when the current leapt in a purple flame through the gap. Again, the physiological aspect of the question once more came in when the experimenter took the current from hand to hand—the sensation being so little that he could hardly feel it—and lighted the lamp. On bringing his hands together the lamp became brighter, the resistance offered by his body being thus short-circuited. On separating his hands a little, sparks, which by their length showed the presence of thousands of volts, passed between them. Similarly, two or more persons may grasp hands, and, in short-circuiting any one of the experimenters, sparks will pass.

On another table Mr. Swinton showed a fresh example of the paradoxical character of these high-frequency currents. In this case the current from the secondary of the inductive coil (which was passed through the primary of another coil immersed in oil) had a most threatening appearance, giving a luminous and deadly-looking arc of several inches. And yet this current was physiologically harmless. It was passed through a glow-lamp and a human body in series, lighting the lamp. The circuit could be entirely broken, and the current from one terminal sent through the lamp into an insulated assistant—one of Mr. Swinton's fellow-experimentalists—whose body apparently formed a reservoir into and out of which the current flowed millions of times a second. Throughout the evening, the human body was again and again placed in the electric circuit in a way which a few years ago would have been deemed suicidal by the electrical engineers of the day.

Some of the newer and most striking of the new and inexplicable modes of energy obtained from high-frequency currents were those of luminosity by induction. It was shown that when a discharge is sent through the interior of a tube around the outside of which is coiled a spiral wire, not only does the wire itself become highly luminous (although conveying none of the original current), but another spiral of light, "as if a disembodied spirit of the wire," appears equidistant in the path of the helix, a doubly induced current giving out luminosity. Mr. Crookes's explanation of a luminous spiral produced in an exhausted glass tube would invoke molecular bombardment direct from the wire spiral wound outside.

High frequency experiments by the veteran electrician, Sir David Salomons, also proved important features of the Royal Society's *soirées*. Several machines of different types were provided for the generation of current. In one case two

direct-current motors drive the armature and fields of an alternator in opposite directions, producing a current of 2 ampères with a pressure of 200 volts, and of one million alternations per second. In a second machine a single motor, taking a current of 8 ampères and 100 volts, drove the armature and fields of an alternator in opposite directions, the resulting current having a voltage of 100 and a frequency of 1,000,000 per minute, or of 16,666 per second. A transformer, for the purpose of raising the normal electromotive force of the alternating current supply from 100 to 5,000 volts, formed part of the exhibit, and served to illuminate very brilliantly some fine vacuum tubes.

The discovery of high-frequency electric currents—phenomena not known in nature—seems to rob electricity of some of its terrors, whilst putting an enormously new fund of energy at our disposal for industrial purposes. It is only right to say that, notwithstanding the immunity from danger enjoyed in the instances we have here described, the leaders of the new experiments do not encourage the idea that our knowledge of the nature and function of these currents is complete, or that they in every case produce small physiological effect. Unquestionably the new electricity, fruitful as it is, has suddenly become a larger x in the formulæ of the science.

Varieties.



King George III and the Carter.—The style of royal living was of the most domesticated kind, and it was his frequent practice to wander about the environs of Windsor totally unattended. Sometimes he had with him his eldest boy, the Prince of Wales; and on one of those occasions he happened to meet a farmer's carter passing on towards Windsor with a load of hay. By some accident, for the roads were execrable in those days, the cart was caught fast in a deep rut, and the rustic was totally unable to move it. The royal rambles, taken by the man for passing travellers,

instantly went forward to assist him, and succeeded in extricating the cart, though with considerable difficulty. Honest Giles, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, expressed his thanks, and hoped they would take a draught of ale with him at the next house, offering them at the same time a seat upon his cart.

This civil offer was declined, but the king slipped a guinea into his hand, which soon was doubled by the generous warmth of youth on the part of the prince. The astonished carter jogged on with sufficient wonder to induce

him to mention his extraordinary good luck at the public-house, when he learnt who his helpers and benefactors were, even the king and his son. To convince him of this was, however, rather difficult, as he could not understand how the prince should give him two guineas, whilst the royal bounty was confined to one.

The story got vent, and reached the ears of his Majesty, who was highly amused by it. It happened, however, that the king some time after met the same man upon the road, and stopping him said, "Well, my friend, I find you were dissatisfied with the smallness of my present, and thought the son more munificent than the father. But remember that I must be just before I am generous. My son has only himself to think about, whilst I have not only to take care of my own family, but to have regard to the welfare of very many who look to me for that protection which your own children at home expect from you. Go home, and be content!"

This anecdote we find in an old book, entitled "George the Third, his Court, and Family," published in 1821.

The late Mr. Frank Buckland's Collection.—In reply to a question by Colonel Murray in the House of Commons, Mr. Acland stated that, "under the will of the late Mr. Frank Buckland, his collection illustrative of fish culture was bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum, together with the reversion of a sum of money in which his widow was to have a life interest. Certain specimens were some years ago removed from the collection as being useless or unsuitable for exhibition; and some of these have no doubt deteriorated. I am not aware of any deterioration in those specimens which are exhibited. The building in which they are cannot be said to be very suitable for a museum, but the collection is believed to be in quite as good condition as when Mr. Buckland left it. A Treasury committee, of which Sir J. Evans was chairman, reported in 1889 that it was desirable that the collection should be removed from South Kensington. In order to transfer the trust, the sanction of the Court of Chancery, or possibly of an Act of Parliament, would be necessary. The authorities of the Natural History Museum declined to receive the collection. The Department has been in communication with the Marine Biological Association to endeavour to arrange for a transfer of the trust, but hitherto without success."

We should like to know who are "the authorities of the Natural History Museum," who have the right to set aside the bequest of Mr. Buckland, and why they decline to receive this most interesting and useful collection? Is it because there is not room for it in the vast building, or is it from personal dislike to the generous donor? Who has the right thus to set aside a bequest to the nation, and to propose to transfer to "some other place" a collection full of interest to the public? We hope that the question will be repeated, and some explanation given as to this "neglected trust," of which the authorities of South Kensington should be the guardians.

Finlay's Comet.—It was mentioned in the May number of the "Leisure Hour" that the only known periodical comet which was expected to reappear in the present year was one discovered by Mr. Finlay at the Cape of Good Hope on September 26, 1886, and calculated to be revolving round the Sun in an orbit with a period of somewhat less than seven years. It has returned according to prediction, and was first seen at this, its second appearance, by Mr. Finlay himself, at the Cape Observatory on May 17. It was nearest the Earth about the middle of June, but too faint to be visible without the aid of a powerful telescope. The next return will be due early in the year 1900.—W. T. LYNN.

Legal Jargon.—In a recent "Athenæum" there was an article on the Washington and Pope families in Virginia, giving a document, more than a column in length of densely printed matter. It is all about the conveyance of the small property from the Pope family to the father of George Washington. The place is interesting because here he was born. Here are twenty lines out of about a hundred:

"The aforesaid Daniel Hingdon, John Pope, and Jane Pope for and in consideration of the sum of two hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain to them in hand paid at and before the ensembling and delivery of these

presents the receipt whereof they hereby acknowledge, and thereof and therefrom they the said Daniel Hingdon, John Pope, and Jane Pope do for ever acquit exonerate and discharge the said Augustine Washington his heirs executors and administrators and every of them by these presents hath given granted aliened bargained sold encoffied and confirmed unto the said Augustine Washington and his heirs for ever all that two hundred and fifteen acres of land situated lying and being on the south side of Potowmack river, &c."

It was worth having a war and a Revolution to rid the new English Republic for ever of this jargon. Conveyancing is a very simple matter now in America compared with even our reformed legal verbosities. So much is paid to lawyers on commission according to the value of the property sold or "conveyanced."

Rhythm and Metre.—Some discussion has taken place about Shakespeare's varying the pronunciation of words. Nothing is more common in English literature. An example is given, "Dunsinane," the common pronunciation being "Dunsinnan." Take the notable instance of Trafalgar and Trafalgar. In the famous song the accent is on the second syllable:

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

Byron changes the accent in his grand lines on the ocean:

"Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

Returning to Shakespeare, there are words usually and rightly considered of *one* syllable which must be read with such humouring of the voice as to make them *two* syllables, the rhythm of the verse demanding this. Here are examples:

Fire.

"But who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?" (*Richard II.*)

"As fire drives out fire, so pity pity." (*Julius Caesar.*)

"Make Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright." (*Cymbeline.*)

Hour.

This must be a dissyllable in these lines:

"I never spent an hour's talk withal." (*Love's Labour's Lost.*)

"Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth." (*Richard II.*)

"To stab at half an hour of my life." (*Henry IV.*)

Similar examples might be given of *flower*, and other monosyllabic words.

Mermaids in Temperate Climates.—In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September 1749, we read that at Nyköping in Jutland was lately caught an animal which, from the waist upward had a human form, but the rest was like a fish, with a tail twisted up behind. The fingers were joined together by a membrane. It struggled and beat itself to death in the net. Doubtless one of the seal tribe, thus elaborated by the imagination of the captors. In the same periodical for November 1750 is an account of a sea-monster taken on the coast of Suffolk, "five feet long and four feet round, with a head like a dog, a beard like a lion, and a tail like a faun. The four fins, which resemble the hands of a man, are used by this creature to wipe its eyes and wash its face." This was probably a specimen of *Phoca barbata*, the bearded seal.

Sir John Gilbert, B.A.—Of all living artists in the United Kingdom, Sir John Gilbert is essentially the one who could most gracefully and appropriately give evidence of his desire to serve that great public for whose benefit he has been indefatigably labouring for more than half a century. He commenced his career as a draughtsman, on fundamentally popular lines, long before his splendid water-colour drawings and oil paintings had earned the admiration of connoisseurs of the highest culture, and had begun to be eagerly sought for by art collectors. Very early in life he attained eminence as a popular illustrator in black and white. Almost his first work, published about 1842, a series of bold and picturesque lithographic drawings illustrative of the History of England, was distinctly of an educational nature; while, very soon after the foundation of the "Illustrated London News," his

magisterial pencil was called into requisition for the execution of almost innumerable drawings on wood, large and small, depicting events of the deepest interest in the public and social life of England. Nor, while, with inimitable strength and facility of pencil, he was adorning the columns of the illustrated press with splendid cartoons of battles and pageants, did he disdain to serve the cause of popular education in what may be classed as an equally interesting but less sensational department. For the Religious Tract Society, notably in the "Leisure Hour" and the "Sunday at Home," his puissant hand produced during many years a multitude of superb illustrations of tales and incidents of travel; while, from his youth up to middle age, he was emphatically the friend and teacher of the young, since it would be almost impossible to reckon up the number of his drawings, ranging between tiny vignettes and whole-page subjects, made for illustrated books for children. It is, of course, work of a much more important nature that will be comprised in the gift of this excellent master to the Corporation of London; yet it would be a matter for universal congratulation if, among the elaborately finished pictures in oils and water-colours which are to grace the Corporation Art Gallery, there would be shown a few of the earlier drawings which the youthful John Gilbert made for cheap periodicals and children's books.—*G. A. Sala, in the "Daily Telegraph."*

A Forgotten Sonnet of Lord Byron.—The "Athenæum" lately quoted a rather scandalous poem of Lord Byron about Lady Byron being patroness of a *charity ball*. Here is another poem in worthier strain, and more creditable to the noble author:

"Bologna: August 12, 1819.

"So the Prince has been repealing Lord Edward Fitzgerald's forfeiture. Ecco un Sonetto!

"To be the father of the fatherless,

To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise

His offspring, who expired in other days

To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less—

This is to be a monarch, and repress

Envy into unalterable praise.

Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,

For who would lift a hand, except to bless?

Were it not easy, Sir, and isn't not sweet

To make thyself beloved? And to be

Omnipotent by Mercy's means? for thus

Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete—

A despot thou, and yet, thy people free,

And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

"There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Mr. Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good; it was a very noble piece of Principality."

Tickell's Ode on the Death of Addison.—Upon this Elegy Dr. Johnson observes: "Mr. Tickell could owe none of its beauties to the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions; for neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs, nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature."

Lentils.—An article having been quoted in which the price of lentil flour is said to be twelve shillings for 112 lbs., a working man says he cannot obtain it at anything approaching that price, wholesale, at Etruria, Staffordshire, or in any neighbouring town. Will some one say where this price is to be found? Do the Rochdale Co-operative Stores sell at that price, with addition for carriage, to other towns?

A Famous Watchmaker.—A writer, in the "City Press" reminds us that the only working mechanic who has ever been honoured with burial within the walls of Westminster Abbey was George Graham, the clockmaker, of Fleet Street, whose shop stood on the present site of the "Daily News" advertisement offices (No. 67), he having succeeded to the

business on the death of his master, Thomas Tompion, the famous watchmaker of Queen Anne's reign. By the great improvements he effected in the manufacture of timepieces he made exact astronomy possible. To him is attributed the invention of the horizontal escapement in 1724. He also made quadrants and other mathematical instruments; the sector was another of his useful inventions. When he died he was followed to his last resting place by all the members of the Royal Society. This event occurred in the year 1751.

An Early Daguerreotype.—The following letter in the "Times" correspondence refers to a daguerreotype sent from England to be exhibited at Chicago:

"Professor Draper, of New York University, has the credit of being the first who succeeded in practically applying Daguerre's newly-discovered art to the purpose of photographing the human face. His earliest plates, taken in the autumn of 1839, while others were at work in the same direction in Europe, were unfortunately burnt with the University buildings; but in July, 1840, he sent a daguerreotype portrait of his sister to Sir John Herschel, who, writing in October to congratulate him, said it was by far the most satisfactory result he had then seen.

"Fortunately it is a very good plate, of a decidedly handsome face, and is in excellent preservation, and so in all ways well worthy to support the reputation of the American chemist at the exhibition.

"The lady so favoured by the sun is alive now in America, and it is morally certain that none but she will ever yet have seen the reflection, so to say, of the face in a mirror fifty-three years after the mirror was held up to it.

"W. J. HERSCHEL.

"Littlemore.

"P.S.—This may very possibly be the oldest sun-portrait now extant, considering the risks that attach to daguerreotypes."

Japanese Attempts to copy European Thoughts and Names.—When the French habitually make so many amusing blunders in writing English names and titles, it is not surprising that the Japanese, with newer experience of Western life, make similar unsuccessful attempts. In referring to the Bishop of Exeter's (E. H. Exon.) visit to Japan, a local paper tells us that "Mr. Exeter, Bishop of Cambridge, accompanied by Mrs. Devonshire;" "a delightful mixture" (as Miss Bickersteth says in her new book, "Japan as we saw it") "of diocese, university, wife, and county!"

The New Gallery, 121 Regent Street, London.—An exhibition is to be held this year in the New Gallery, opening on Monday, October 2, and closing on Saturday, December 2, 1893. The exhibition will consist of contemporary original work in decorative design and handicraft, such as designs, cartoons, and working drawings, decorative painting, textiles and needlework, pottery, metal work, carving and modelling, cabinet work, book decoration, printing and binding, wall papers, leather work, and other kinds of work at the discretion of the committee. Articles must be sent before September 9. The detailed regulations may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Sydney Cockerell, Esq., at the New Gallery.

Astronomical Almanac for July.

1	S	☉ rises 3.49 A.M.	16	S	7 SUN, AFTER TRINITY
2	S	5 SUN, AFTER TRINITY	17	M	Scorpio S. 8.39 P.M.
3	M	☉ sets 8.17 P.M.	18	T	Jupiter a morning star
4	T	Saturn sets 11.38 P.M.	19	W	Cygnus S. 0.46 A.M.
5	W	Clock before ☉ 4m. 20s.	20	T	☾ 1 Quarter 5.3 P.M.
6	T	☾ 3 Quarter 10.5 P.M.	21	F	Aquila S. at midnight
7	F	Jupiter rises 0.45 A.M.	22	S	Twilight ends 11.35 P.M.
8	S	Oxford Trin. Term ends	23	S	8 SUN, AFTER TRINITY
		(Fire Insurance expires	24	M	☾ greatest dist. from
9	S	6 SUN, AFTER TRINITY	25	T	Daybreak 0.55 A.M.
10	M	Venus sets 0.17 P.M.	26	W	Clock before ☉ 6m. 15s.
11	T	☾ least distance from ☉	27	T	Venus sets 8.54 P.M.
12	W	Hercules S. 9.46 P.M.	28	F	Full ☾ 8.10 P.M.
13	T	New ☾ 0.47 P.M.	29	S	☉ rises 4.21 A.M.
14	F	☉ rises 4.1 A.M.	30	S	9 SUN, AFTER TRINITY
15	S	☉ sets 8.9 P.M.	31	M	☉ sets 7.48 P.M.

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